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## MAN A SPIRITUAL BEING.\*

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"There is a spirit in man."—*Job xxxii. 8.*

THE universe is now declared to be composed of atoms which by some mysterious process have arranged themselves into the condition of things as we find them to-day, despite the admirable harmony which is seen to prevail everywhere in nature. Low forms of living things are said to have been evolved out of inorganic materials, and man out of apes and chimpanzees, whilst life has come from, heaven knows where, to be superadded to organization, and the intelligence has sprung from electricity or heat, or some other form of force, to which it is again hereafter to return. God is consequently dispensed with, immortality flatly denied, conscience said to be simply a higher development of some primitive faculty to be found in horses and dogs, or even in animals lower still in the scale of being, and the actions of man affirmed to be simply automatic, resulting from forces over which he has no control, and very much on a par, therefore, with the tickings of the clock, or the movements of the steam engine. This is no exaggeration, but a plain statement of the teachings of many scientific men at the present day. Elevated on his small and insignificant pedestal of what he is pleased to term modern discovery, the professor of to-day attempts to sweep all the grand and awful mysteries out of God's universe, as though they were so many cobwebs; to measure the tremendous phenomena of nature by his plumb-line and level, denying everything upon which he cannot bring to bear his test-tubes and crucibles;

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searching for the essence of life with the scalpel; and reducing human actions to a mathematical formula, and the intelligence from which they spring to a mode of motion. He thus proceeds to make matter the be-all and end-all of existence; and spirit, and spiritual laws, vague whims of a disordered brain.

Of course the Bible has no weight with these men; that grand old book which has been read and prized through so many ages of the past, and is the forerunner of civilization in all countries at the present, must be pushed aside with contempt. The one conspicuous doctrine which runs through its pages is that man is the child of God, and the heir of immortality, which can in no sense be made to square with nineteenth century Materialism. Law does everything according to the modern Gospel, though what law is no one tells us, and how there can be law without a lawgiver is also left as an unsolved problem. Intelligence and life at some time or other were superadded to matter, though how they could have been superadded when they had no existence no one ever attempts to inform us. Everything is explained by evolution; that is, if you are content to accept meaningless words in the place of ideas—since, if you demand to know what evolution is, how it has operated, and the nature of the power which must have played the part of evolver in the process, science is dumb, and has no reply to make. The position that we take is that, whatever may have been the process by which things were created, and whatever the nature of the *modus operandi* by which they have reached their present position, one truth is clear with regard to them, which is that they are the result of the operation of an intelligent power whose nature and essence is spirit. And with respect to man, we maintain that whatever may have been the origin of his physical frame, there is within him a spiritual power, which not only originates his actions, and is responsible for his conduct, but which is in truth his real self. All the material portions of my body I call mine, not me—my head, my feet, my arms, my trunk, &c., every part of which I speak of as something which belongs to myself. But what is that *myself*, the Ego, the individual I, to which all the rest appertain, and to which they appear to belong as so much property? This is really the spiritual man, and is in truth the real man.

In dealing with this question, I lay down the following propositions, the truth of which I shall endeavour to establish as I proceed:—

I.—Man is a Spiritual Being.

II.—Man even in this world is largely subject to the operation of Spiritual Laws.

III.—There is a Spiritual World.

I shall make a few remarks on each of these heads, but of course have not time in a single discourse to treat the subject in an exhaustive manner.

### I.—MAN IS A SPIRITUAL BEING.

A great variety of arguments have been adopted at different times by writers on this topic, with a view to prove that man possesses some spiritual power. Without following these into every branch of the subject, I may briefly point out the two or three kinds of evidence which I think exist of man being something more than a mere material compound of bones, blood vessels, nerves, and other tissues. I have elsewhere said, in a discourse which is in print, that I do not attach very much importance to physiology as likely to furnish any very conclusive proofs of human immortality. In the dissecting room, with the brain of the dead man before me, I have often endeavoured to think what lesson could be learned from its variety of convolutions, depths of sulci, its grey matter, and other peculiarities; but failed to see how it could teach the doctrine of immortality. Clearly, however, the whole course of procedure is wrong which attempts to find in death the laws of life. Still there is a fact which cannot but impress itself upon the mind of the student with the dead body before him, and that is what constitutes the difference between the living and dead organism. If, as Professor Huxley would have us believe, all the manifestations of vitality, and all the wondrous achievements of intelligence, be simply the product of protoplasm, what has become of these powers, forces, and marvellous capacities, after death, when the protoplasm is still preserved intact? It is not a question of the difference between inorganic and organic matter, for that might be differentiated by some chemical law, even though its exact nature had not been discovered—but between protoplasm living and the same protoplasm dead. What is the nature of the energising power that has passed away, leaving the frame so empty and so lifeless? No sooner has what we call death occurred than dissolution seizes the protoplasmic mass, winds it in its cold embrace, tears it to shreds, and distributes its elements to the winds of heaven. Now what has been taken away to leave the body in this powerless condition? At one moment there is intelligence beaming in the eye, affection and love radiating from every part of the countenance—an expression which bespeaks the feeling of the inmost depths of the soul, indicated by the features—the hand grasps yours in firm friendship, the voice speaks words of wisdom or of love; in a word, you have before you in every sense of the term a living, thinking, active man. A struggle, a shudder, a sigh, a heavy expiration, and

there lies before you a lifeless mass of earth, from whose mouth comes no speech, on whose lip no smile plays, and in whose eyes there is no light. You say the man is dead, but that explains nothing. The man—what man? Every attribute to which you gave that name, except the mere material shape, is gone. Love, wisdom, intelligence, thought, capacity of moving and acting are gone. In truth the man himself is gone, and what is left is a mere mass of clay, which took its shape for a time from his spiritual form, which very shape it has now no longer power to retain.

The changes which are continually taking place in the body during the lifetime of the individual do not appear to extend to the mind. From our birth to our death every particle of matter of which the body is made up is subject to the perpetual law of change. Mutation, is, in fact, the distinguishing characteristic of all material things. The heaviest metal, the hardest rock, in common with the lightest and most volatile substances with which we are acquainted, are every moment subject to this everlasting law of change. The granite mountain, preyed upon by atmospheric agencies, melts down, and fills up the valleys into which it is washed. Animal and vegetable forms are made up of particles which are in a state of perpetual motion; and the body of man is no exception to the rule which operates everywhere else. During the lifetime of an ordinary human being, every particle of matter—with trifling and unimportant exceptions—of which his body is made up, has been changed again and again, so that, materially speaking, he is an entirely different individual at fifty to what he was at twenty. Now these changes do not extend to the mind, as is clearly proved by the fact that he remembers circumstances to the latest period of his life in which he played a part in the days of his boyhood. Consciousness remains the same throughout the entire lifetime of the individual, and he feels and knows that he continues the same person, preserving his identity amidst the perpetual transformations of every portion of his physical organism.

The difference between mind and body is apparent in the fact that one is simple and the other is complex. The material organization is made up of a large number of elements, and a large number of equivalents of each element, whilst every one knows from his experience and feeling, that consciousness is an integer. And on this fact alone might be based an argument of some weight, against the destruction of mind. Some persons have maintained that to preserve the analogy between the body and the soul, that as the one becomes decomposed, and the materials of which it is made up are handed back to the great mass from which they originally came, preliminary to entering

into new combinations and appearing in other forms, so the other should return and become absorbed into the fountain of spirit, from which it may again emerge when required. A moment's reflection, however, will show that no such analogy is possible, since consciousness, being an integer, can undergo no such change without ceasing to be. The absorption of the individual mind into the infinite spirit, unless its consciousness be preserved, ends in reality in its destruction, and to say that the consciousness is preserved under such circumstances is to deny the very absorption contended for. Now men who never tire of pointing out the impossibility of the destruction of a single atom of matter, are assuredly guilty of terrible inconsistency when they maintain that mind, which is far higher than matter, will at death be utterly destroyed. To argue—as some do—that the mind itself is not annihilated, although the individual consciousness ceases, is paradoxical, because that very consciousness is essential to the mind's existence—a mind without consciousness being an impossibility. Unless, therefore, mind be entirely destroyed, in which case the analogy contended for breaks down, consciousness must be preserved, and with it thought, love, conscience, volition, and the other qualities which are always associated with the spiritual part of man's nature. As far as we can judge, matter is of itself everywhere dormant and inactive, and only capable of being moved when operated upon by some dynamic power. Force, whatever may be its true character, is now regarded as something distinct from matter, and that by means of which matter is put into motion, and consequently eventuates in the phenomena with which we are familiar. Now man is essentially an active power, who by his volition puts forth forces to mould and change material things. These do not originate in any part of his body, which is simply an instrument employed by the mind, but in his spiritual nature, which is in reality his true self. The action of mind upon and through the body, manifests the operation of a conscious force, which can have originated in nothing but spirit, and the cessation of the operation of that force, and the negation of consciousness, it is utterly impossible to conceive. Let any man try if he can imagine himself non-existent, and he will speedily find that he has set himself an impossible task. No one can imagine himself dead, that is, dead in the sense of being entirely annihilated. It is but fair, therefore, to conclude that such annihilation is impossible, and that the force springing from consciousness is perpetuated for ever. "It belongs," says a well-known modern writer, "to material growths to ripen, loosen, decay; but what is there in sensation, reflection, memory, volition, to crumble into pieces and rot

away? Why should the power of hope, and joy, and faith, change into inanity and oblivion? What crucible shall burn up the ultimate of force? What material processes shall ever disintegrate the simplicity of spirit? Earth and plant, muscle, nerve, and brain, belong to one sphere, and are subject to the temporal fates that rule there; but reason, imagination, love, will, belong to another, and, immortally fortified there, laugh to scorn the fretful sieges of decay." These attributes of mind all indicate the existence of something higher than the material framework, through which they are here manifested. That which men usually call the ideal, which is the spiritual, and consequently the most real of all, must always precede that which is material. In the range of our own experience, every material thing is preceded by an ideal upon which it is moulded and formed. A work of art manufactured by human ingenuity is but a copy of an idea which existed in the brain of the inventor before he had put forth a single power to carry out his design. How else could anything be designed and constructed? Chairs, tables, steam engines, up to the very highest products of genius in works of art, were all conceived of in mind before they assumed a material shape. In other words, they had an ideal existence, and were of spiritual origin. There is another fact here worth naming. The ideal, in these cases, is always higher than the real. Ask the painter who has transferred the fruits of his genius to the canvas, the musician, or the poet, who has put down his lofty thoughts upon paper, or the sculptor who has breathed his very soul into the dead and inanimate marble, whether their greatest works have ever been equal to the conceptions they had first formed of what they intended to do. They will unanimously answer in the negative. Genius can never become wholly embodied in the material work in which she is engaged; and for the most obvious of all reasons, that its origin is spiritual, and its character higher than any condition of matter.

Even imagination, of which we hear so much talk, as though it were occasionally the wildest of all wild delusions, does it not clearly shew a spiritual side to man's nature? What is imagination? What but the power to call up before the mind scenes and visions unlike anything that has fallen within the experience of the person in whom it exists, and yet which to him are more real than the sternest of his material surroundings? Imagination has been described as the capability of giving—

To airy nothings  
A local habitation and a name.

But this is really creation, and of itself an evidence that the power in which it resides does not belong to material nature.

Of course, it will be argued that the results of imagination are subjective, whilst material things are objective, but it will require a large amount of reasoning to show that the subjective is not the higher of the two. All knowledge is subjective, and objective things can only be known when an idea of them—which is subjective—has made its way to the mind.

The whole range of the moral and religious faculties all show clearly that man has a spiritual nature. The powers which human beings feel that they possess, and the tremendous responsibility which these powers involve, demonstrate, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the spiritual character of the being in whom they reside. Moral freedom belongs to man and to man alone, and whatever may be said in favour of the doctrine of circumstances, each one of us feels that he is free to take one out of many paths that may present themselves before us. Conscience, that powerful vicegerent of God, which illumines with brightest light or covers with densest darkness our entire being; which cheers and consoles the good man amidst trouble, and sorrow, and direst oppression, and depresses the bad man, though surrounded with gaudy splendour, tells of a righteous judgment to come, when material things shall have passed away. The yearnings of the soul after God, the ardent longing for a life hereafter, the aspiration towards a higher degree of moral perfection than can by any possibility be reached on this side of the grave, all go to prove not only that man has spiritual capacities, but that his whole nature is spiritual, and can be satisfied with nothing short of thorough and entire spiritual surroundings. And these ardent aspirations after the spiritual state become deeper and more intense as we approach its precincts, which fact is of itself a strong argument in favour of the reality of that after which it aspires. In accordance with the universal adaptation that we find everywhere in nature, we should expect that if there were no future life, man's inclinations towards it, and aspirations after it, would become diminished as old age crept over him, and disappear completely when the tomb threw its black shadow across his path. Is this the case? Certainly it is not; the nearer we come to death, the stronger become all the religious faculties of the mind. The desire to live again increases, the love of God strengthens, and the whole religious nature deepens; facts which I think can hardly be explained upon any materialistic hypothesis of annihilation at death.

The difficulties which most persons experience with regard to their conceptions of the spiritual, is that it must be something destitute alike of form, shape, and of everything by which it can be cognized. Matter, they suppose, to be real, tangible,

and substantial, while spirit they imagine to be a vague indefinite something, lacking every conceivable attribute by which it can be perceived and known. Nothing can be more erroneous than this view. I have said that the spiritual man is the real man, and such it will be seen to be, when the material frame has been thrown off. The senseless discussions of the schoolmen, as to how many angels could stand on the point of a needle, and whether a spirit could pass from one spot to another without going over the intermediate space, were not much more absurd than the notions entertained by some modern philosophers on the nature of the soul, and the disputes which take place now-a-days as to the part of the body in which it is located. The general idea seems to be that the spirit is a sort of shapeless force, which passing away from the body, retains none of the characteristics of a man, save its consciousness and mental faculties; whereas, the truth is, that it was from the spirit that the body took its shape, which shape is, of course, still retained, when its material covering has passed away. The spiritual body, then, is a real body, and the spiritual man a real man, retaining all the characteristics by which he was known when clothed with the material garb. Throughout the Scriptures, whenever spiritual beings are spoken of as visiting the earth, they are always described as men, and so real were they, that very frequently they were mistaken for human beings still in the flesh. This accords, both with reason and our experience. Spiritual men are men in bodies formed of spiritual substance, with organs in every respect of the same character that they had while in the material condition. Man is, even whilst here, literally a spirit, but clothed in a material garb, which at death he throws off, without, however, affecting in any way his form, his organs, or his general appearance. "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body," and when the former is thrown off, the latter stands forth in all its own peculiar loveliness and beauty.

## II.—MAN, EVEN IN THIS WORLD, IS LARGELY SUBJECT TO THE OPERATION OF SPIRITUAL LAWS.

Emerson very wisely remarks:—"For all our penny wisdom, for all our soul-destroying slavery to habit, it is not to be doubted that all men have sublime thoughts; that all men value the few real hours of life, they love to be heard, they love to be caught up into the vision of principles. We mark with light in the memory the few interviews we have had in the dreary year of routine and of sin, with souls that made our souls wiser; that spoke what we thought; that told us what we knew; that gave



us leave to be what we inly were." There are spiritual laws and spiritual forces, to which we are perpetually subject, even whilst encased in material bodies, and surrounded by material things. As a matter of course, these do not operate as powerfully as they would do in a region of pure spiritual existences, being interfered with by the conditions of our surroundings. Still they occasionally make themselves felt, and sometimes operate so powerfully as to overcome and subjugate all material forces. Were we in the habit of living a more spiritual life, and being less engrossed by material and worldly things, we should leave our minds open to a larger influx of spiritual light and truth, in which case the operation of these laws would be much more apparent, and much more general. Spiritual forces pervade the world, and it is not easy to discover how much is due to their operation.

The potent influence in man, of the mind over the functions of the body—subjugating, and sometimes completely arresting their action—is of itself an admirable illustration of the potency of the action of soul. Medical literature is full of cases of the most marvellous character, illustrative of the power of the soul over the body. Hope, fear, terror, anxiety, grief, joy, and other passions, frequently change the whole condition of the material frame, even sometimes causing sudden death. A man sits down to dinner with his appetite sharpened by previous exercise and long abstinence. The sight of the food increases his desire to partake of it, when just as he is about to take the first mouthful, relishing intensely by anticipation the pleasure of the repast, a messenger arrives, or a letter is delivered, bringing the news that some terrible calamity has happened to him, and the result every one knows. His keen appetite disappears with the rapidity of a lightning's flash, the very appearance of the food produces nausea, and he moves from the table with no inclination to touch the richest viands that could be placed before him. Now what explanation can we give of this, except that the psychical forces were so powerful as to completely subjugate and overcome the functions of the material body? Broussais, and many other physiologists of eminence maintain that intense rage is capable of so changing the secretions in the body, as to result in the production of a virulent poison, which fact indeed, quite accords with general belief. The power of fear to influence the secretion of saliva is shown in a remarkable degree in the method still employed in India for detecting theft amongst servants. When a robbery has been committed, a professional magician is sent for, who having made elaborate preparations, calls in all the suspected persons, and requires them to masticate a certain portion of boiled rice, and then spit

it out upon separate leaves of plants for inspection. This done, he examines the rice and immediately points out the culprit, from the fact that in the case of all the others the rice has been well mixed with saliva, while in his case it is quite dry. It is easy to see that the cause of this is the fear of detection experienced by the guilty person. This same passion has been frequently known to cure disease, to produce disease, and to result in death. It is related that an officer in the Indian army, who had long been confined to his bed with asthma, and was only capable of breathing in an erect posture, was one day surprised by a party of Mahrattas, who broke into his camp and threatened him with death. Under the excitement of the moment, he jumped out of bed, mounted his horse, and used with great force the sword which a few hours before he had been utterly incapable of drawing from its scabbard. Hildanus mentions a case in which a man disguised as a ghost so frightened another who was suffering badly from the gout, that the disease entirely disappeared; and Dr. Zimmerman mentions the fact that at the great fire in Hamburgh in 1842, many persons who had long been confined to their beds by illness, arose and displayed great activity, several of them remaining permanently cured. John Hunter, the celebrated anatomist, attributed the disease of the heart, from which he ultimately died, to the intense fear that he experienced on one occasion, of having caught hydrophobia, while dissecting the body of a person who had died of that disease. And anent this subject of hydrophobia, there can be very little doubt that scores of persons who die of this malady are really the victims of fear, and of that alone. There is a case on record in medical works that will serve as an illustration of what is possible in these cases, in which a woman had her gown bitten by a dog, and became afterwards so thoroughly impressed by the idea that she was suffering from hydrophobia, that she died of symptoms so like those that usually accompanied that disease, that the physicians who attended her could not tell the difference. Bouchet relates a case which has been frequently quoted, of a criminal handed over, in accordance with an annual custom, to the physicians of Montpelier, for experimental purposes. They informed him that they would adopt the easiest method of taking his life, by opening a blood-vessel in warm water. They blindfolded the man, put his feet in warm water, slightly pinched his skin, and conversed with each other on the subject of the escape of the blood. Not the slightest external injury did the man receive, but he died nevertheless. These same or similar effects are produced on the body by every passion of the mind. Sudden joy will kill as certainly as sudden grief. Culprits stand-

ing under the gallows have received a free pardon, and have fallen suddenly dead in consequence, again and again. A word will paralyze, an idea will strike the strongest man dead in an instant, and even a look will unhinge every function of the body. Predictions of death at a particular time, and in a certain manner, almost invariably bring their own fulfilment. It is said that there is a sect in the Sandwich Islands who profess to have the power of praying people to death. "Whoever incurs their displeasure receives notice that the homicide litany is about to commence, and such are the effects of the imagination that the very notice is sufficient with these people to produce the effect." In scores of instances, too, persons have become impressed, sometimes from a dream, occasionally from other causes, with the idea that they would die at a particular hour on a certain day, and die at that time they most certainly did. There is one case which I remember to have read somewhere of a woman who was impressed that she would die on a particular day at twelve o'clock. At the advice of a physician the persons in attendance put on the clock an hour while she was sleeping. She awoke a little before twelve, and again repeated the statement that she should die at that hour. They ridiculed the notion that she had allowed to take possession of her mind, and pointing to the clock remarked that it was nearly an hour past the time. She looked at the clock, shook her head, murmured out something about a mistake, and died notwithstanding. Of course the Materialists will argue, these cases are simply the results of imagination. I reply, it is to illustrate that very fact that I have quoted them. What is this potent imagination that can thus paralyze every healthy function of the body, and bring sudden and unexpected death in its train? It is simply one form of spirit-action, and in its operation shows how largely we are subject to the influence of spirit-forces.

The sympathy and antipathy that we continually experience towards other persons without apparently any reason whatever, is another illustration of the operation of spiritual law. We see a man for the first time; we are attracted towards him, or repelled from him, our whole soul seems to blend in harmony with his own, or withdraw itself with a certain disagreeable feeling into our own bosoms as he approaches, and all without a shadow of reason, based upon any experience or knowledge of the man. We feel uncomfortable in the society of some people and happy in the presence of others without knowing at all why it is so; and these feelings are frequently directly opposed to the judgment that we should form based upon ordinary observation. There is perhaps no one living who has

not experienced this kind of feeling again and again. Some people are more sensitive to influences of this character than others, having a more ethereal or spiritual nature, but all are susceptible of it more or less. The instance in which a man selects a woman from all the rest of the women in the world, affords perhaps the best illustration of the operation of this law. The authoress of *Adam Bede* remarks:—"It's a deep mystery, the way the heart of man turns to one woman out of all the rest he's seen i' the world, and makes it easier for him to work seven years for her, like Jacob did for Rachel, sooner than have any other woman for the asking. I often think of those words, 'And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her.' " There is, after all, not so great a mystery in the matter as this writer would have us to believe, unless things are viewed exclusively from a materialistic standpoint. These spiritual laws have been so largely ignored that very little attention whatever has been bestowed upon them, and the consequence is that when, in some few cases their operation becomes more apparent than usual, we open our eyes and exclaim, "How very mysterious!" In the spiritual world the two sexes are the counterpart of each other, and must necessarily be brought together by some strong spiritual affinity. There is a vast amount of misery in this world occasioned by unhappy marriages, a large portion of which might be traced to the fact that these spiritual laws have been altogether disregarded, and motives of an essentially worldly character have been allowed to influence the union—or rather contract, for union there is none.

One circumstance which may be not unfrequently noticed, if looked for, in married life, is the bringing of the two minds so thoroughly into harmony the one with the other, that they may be well described by those admirable lines of the poet—

Two souls with but a single thought,  
Two hearts that beat as one.

As a consequence of this, there occurs a still more remarkable circumstance, which is that the two bodies also approximate towards each other in appearance. Where there is that true unity of soul—without which legal marriage is a mockery, a delusion, and something very much worse—in the course of a long lifetime the features of the husband and wife will approximate towards each other so that the likeness between them may be easily noticed by a casual observer. This resemblance will extend to their habits and actions, and has frequently been observed in the carriage of the body, the gait, and even in the handwriting. Swedenborg states that in the spirit-world he saw a man and his wife approaching, and that in the distance

they looked like one person, the fact that there were two only becoming apparent as they came nearer to the spectator.

The spiritual aura that emanates from human beings largely influences all those who come within the sphere of its operation. This accounts for the wonderful power which public speakers sometimes exercise over their audiences. Great preachers hold their congregations spell-bound frequently while they utter the dreariest of all dreary platitudes, and not unfrequently noted platform orators charm their audiences by the veriest twaddle that was ever shaped into words. It may be said that this is because the composition is good, the voice melodious, and the elocution perfect, and that there is a charm in the manner, if not in the matter of the speaker. Not always is this the case. There may be inelegant composition, a discordant voice, and absence of elocution, and still a charm. Of course the lack of these artificial qualities will greatly diminish the power of the speaker, but what I am contending for is that his influence does not entirely depend upon them. Dr. George Moore remarks:—"I have seen a man so powerfully agitated by the preaching of a Welsh clergyman, as to tremble and shed tears, although he knew not a word that was spoken. His imagination put him in sympathy with the speaker. Rather wondering at him, I observed abruptly, 'Why, I thought you did not understand Welsh!' 'No,' said he, 'but I *felt* it.' This feeling explains the marvellous success of St. Bernard among the peasants of Germany. They knew not a word he spoke (he preached in Latin), but the multitude was vastly shaken by his sermons: his soul was in them." A great deal here probably would depend upon the earnestness of the preacher, but there is more in it than that. Every man gives off a certain amount of spiritual influence in the circle in which he moves, and in the case of great public speakers they are more highly favoured than other men in this respect.

### III.—THERE IS A SPIRIT-WORLD.

If there be spiritual existences, then it is perfectly clear that there must be a region to which they are specially adapted. A denial of the spirit-world would, as a rule, be based upon a denial of spirit altogether. There are, however, not wanting persons who admit the possible existence of a spiritual world, but who at the same time declare that it is utterly impossible for us to form the slightest conception as to the locality in which it is situated, the character of its inhabitants, and the nature of its laws. And, on the other hand, there are persons who, believing in heaven, so materialize the whole of its associations,

that they require to locate it in a distant star or sun, in some far-off part of the universe. Based largely on this latter view, we trace the objection, so frequently urged by the sceptic, that the telescope has been pointed into space in all directions, but has never brought this domain into the field of vision. It is almost useless to say to these persons, that material instruments can only reveal material objects, and that spiritual beings may exist in large numbers in the very region which the telescope is exploring, and yet not become visible to the material eye. The notions entertained in general, in this age, are that matter is everything, and that that which is not matter is nothing at all. Sceptics and Materialists quietly overlook the fact that when human beings look at each other, the material form alone is seen—not the real man, that is, the spiritual man, which underlies, upholds, and supports it. The inner man, the true Ego, the individual self is not seen even in the present state of existence. The spiritual world is not located in some central sun or distant star, or remotest space, but lies close around the planet to which it belongs. The notion that heaven is somewhere up in the sky, and that hell is situated down deep in the earth, is an error arising from that tendency to materialize spiritual things so characteristic of the natural mind. Unbelievers have again and again made merry with the idea that if heaven exists, it must be beyond the most remote region into which the telescope has penetrated, and that therefore all the human beings who have died in past ages, even if they moved with the rapidity of light must every one of them be still on their journey towards it, the very first who started having millions of years yet to travel before he can possibly reach his destination. They have also jested about the difficulty that must arise in the case of two persons, say a man and his wife, who should die at different hours of the day, one, for example, at twelve o'clock at noon, and the other at twelve o'clock at night, supposing each to go upwards, as to the possibility of their ever meeting again anywhere in space. All this is utterly absurd when we remember the fact that the spiritual world lies closely round about us, and that, in fact, we are daily in the very midst of its inhabitants. The spirit-world is here, and we are actually in it, although often unconscious of the fact. If it required a sun or a planet in which to be located, then it would be material, not spiritual; but being spiritual, it is independent altogether of all material things. It may be asked why, if the spiritual world is so near, do we not see into it? I answer, thousands of persons have seen into it. In the Bible many instances are given of individuals still in the flesh who saw into the spirit-world and described what they saw. And in our own day scores of persons will testify that on many

occasions they have been blessed with the same happy privilege. That the great mass of mankind are not in a condition to partake of this experience is no proof whatever of the non-existence of the things which they do not perceive. The blind man has no conception of colours, and fails to comprehend what is meant by light. He may live daily in the full glare of the sun's rays, but he perceives them not. It would be folly to speak to him of going to some distant planet to seek for light, since he would no more find it there than here. What he does require is that the malady which blinded his eyes should be removed, and that done, the light would be perceived which had existed all along. So the spiritual eye is veiled by material causes, and the darkness made all the deeper by erroneous theories and false notions regarding spirit. A man asleep, to use another illustration, is completely surrounded by material things, but sees none of them. You may change his locality, but that in no way affects him. Only by being awakened does he become conscious of the objects by which he is surrounded. And this awakening closely corresponds to what happens to us all at death. We do not change our place, but putting off the material body, become suddenly awakened in the spirit-spheres, and the spiritual surroundings which had environed us all through, force themselves upon our view.

An error which also prevails very largely with regard to the future state, and which seems to be held, more or less, by great numbers of good and pious people, is that the spirit-world is so vague and shadowy that it is impossible for us either to define its nature, or even to form a conception of its characteristics. 'Tis true they speak of its golden streets, its gates, its vaulted arches, the crowns worn on the heads of its inhabitants, the robes with which they are to be adorned, the harps, and other musical instruments to be employed in the production of the celestial harmony that is to accompany the praises that are to be eternally sung, but all this they admit without hesitation is figurative, and never intended for accurate literal description. They sing occasionally—

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dressed in living green,

but in literal truth they believe neither in floods nor fields, but in a vague and undefinable existence which by some mysterious process is to engender eternal peace and happiness in the soul. Now, I have said before that the spiritual is the real, and the material the shadow. All material things, therefore, must have a spiritual counterpart, to which, in truth, they owe their very existence. Spiritual things are not only real, but they are the only substantial things in existence. The spiritual world is con-

sequently a real world, the objects of which impress the spiritual senses very much as our material organs are affected by our surroundings here. We have every reason to believe that the spiritual earth is firm and solid to the tread of its inhabitants, its water fluid, and its atmosphere æriform. The country is doubtless diversified by mountains and valleys washed by rivers, adorned with flowers, shrubs, and trees, all, however, of a spiritual and permanent character. I do not doubt that there are woods and dales, beautiful landscapes spread out before the view, and everything that can charm the eye; divinest melody to fascinate the ear; and spiritual objects to gratify every spiritual sense. Its inhabitants are real men and women, living in a real world, and occupying themselves as their inclinations prompt, choosing their company and associates, forming their own society, cultivating their minds, and striving constantly to become more perfect.

I have not time on this occasion to dwell upon the state and condition of those persons who have entered upon their spiritual existence, and in fact to do so would be somewhat foreign to the purpose of the present Discourse. In conclusion, suffice it to say that the spiritual world is a region to which we are every one of us hastening, and that the position we shall occupy there will depend entirely upon the preparation we make whilst here. The inhabitants of that world are men and women who once lived in the flesh as we do now, and who made their place in the spirit-spheres by their conduct and character on earth. In that everlasting domain each man gravitates towards the position and company to which his affinities draw him, and where, therefore, such dispositions as he may have taken with him from this lower world will find room to develop themselves. Where these are evil his fate must be terrible beyond description; but where pure, virtuous, and holy, moulded upon the principles of the Gospel, and developing themselves in a life of piety and godliness, there will follow in their path those unspeakable joys of which the Apostle Paul speaks when he says, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

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## THE JOURNEY TO THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH.— A VISION.

WISDOM, TRUTH, and FAITHFUL, the *Three Degrees of the Intellect.*

### PART IV.

#### THE TRANSFIGURATION.

*Faithful*: I am with you again, Wisdom and Truth, for I felt the magnet drawing.

*Wisdom*: Your looks, Faithful, betray an internal trouble, for you are not, as heretofore, with countenance ruddy as the cherry and fair as the lily.

*Faithful*: The burden is heavier than I can bear alone, therefore I come to solicit your counsel and aid, for Truth, I see, is but another form of Wisdom, and though I use the words, yet it is the *forms* that puzzle me.

*Wisdom*: You have done well to come to us, for when you see Truth in its own light then it becomes Wisdom, for herein is the Trinity which exists in all things, and which can be seen, when the mental eye is open to see it, for now you have become one of us. But tell us the cause of your trouble.

*Faithful*: How shall I give it in words? for it lies concealed in a golden casket, which was brought to me by a stranger. With the casket he presented a key, telling me to apply it and turn it to the *left*, but as this is contrary to nature, I give it to you, and no doubt you will be able to open the casket. Although he came in the garb of a stranger, yet I could see that he was one of the mighty men of old, and although I struggled hard to obtain the name, yet he withheld it, saying that I should know hereafter; but with the casket he gave me a message, which was, that I call together the three wise men in the upper room, and there we were to wait, and listen to the voice of the Spirit unto the Church.

*Wisdom*: The mystery lies concealed in the golden casket, and the message we understand; but the upper room of which the stranger spoke lies a long way off, far above the region of earth, and we must journey thereto in the chariot of which Truth has spoken to me. Leave the casket with me, and in the meantime make preparation, for we must go with the sun, and as the shades of evening are now falling, come with the chariot and horses when the Aurora dawns.

#### MORNING.

*Truth*: All hail! Faithful, we were waiting your arrival.

*Faithful*: Hail, brothers Wisdom and Truth, I waited patiently for the day-dawn, and when I saw the Aurora I

yoked the horses to the chariot, and now we must away to the upper room, which lies on the confines of the boundary of the sun-world.

*Wisdom*: Where did you get this magnificent equipage, Faithful?

*Faithful*: I told you about the Stranger, and not the least among the strange things connected with his visit is the matter of this chariot and horses. He brought them to me, he said, as a present from the King of Kings, and that he would leave them with me as a token of his visit, and that I was to use them well, seeing that by and bye I should have to return them to the donor in person, that before the time appointed he would appear again, and that in the meantime I must be obedient to his commands.

*Truth*: When the Stranger gave you the chariot, seeing that he withheld his name, did you not enquire concerning the horses?

*Faithful*: There is nothing but strangeness in this strange affair; for when the equipage was presented I saw the names of the horses in illuminated letters: they are called Thunder and Lightning. *You*, I presume, will know the value of these names?

*Truth*: Yes, we know the value and meaning of the same; but we shall have much to say concerning them, as I perceive their home is not of this earth, for they are denizens of another world. But now that we are seated, I ask for your own sake, do you think the animals are to be trusted?

*Faithful*: With you and Wisdom as companions, I fear not; for I see these horses have understanding, and the voice is to them what the whip is to animals of a lower order, and I doubt not they will bear us in safety to the Holy Mountain; from whence, when our mission is done, we shall return in peace.

*Wisdom*: Well done, Faithful, we congratulate you, for as thou hast been faithful over few things, thou shalt be ruler over many; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

*Faithful*: May I request you, Wisdom, to talk plainly, and not copy the Stranger; whose words and actions are somewhat incomprehensible.

*Wisdom*: Like the casket containing the treasure, so are my words, the ideas within the words are spiritual and heavenly verities, and of necessity these can only assume the form of parable when presented to the natural degree of the mind. But as you ascend into loftier regions with us, you will see more clearly, and understand that spiritual things must be spiritually perceived. Hence it is written of One, who spake as never man spake, that to a certain few He spoke plainly, while to another He spoke only in parables; the reason for which is, that the latter were not in a state to understand pure truth, hence it

had to be veiled to them, so that seeing, they might not see, and hearing they might hear not; and this for a purpose which the Infinite Wisdom sees and knows to be best for the creatures He has made, so that it might appear to them as if the gaining of knowledge was by their own power.

*Faithful*: Although not as yet perceiving the full force of your words, yet I see the truth in part, that all is a question of degree, the more ultimate the life, the darker the light, and the higher the life the clearer is the perception of spiritual and heavenly truth; for our journey itself is a proof of that universal Trinity of which you have before spoken. I perceived the sphere lying nearest to the earth was the *Atmosphere*, the next through which we passed was the *Ether*, and now the third in which we now are is the *Aura*, and where I see the sun shining in its brilliancy and in which glorious regions I see that all the objects have quite changed in appearance, and require other than earthly language to express.

*Wisdom*: I perceive we are now at the Holy Mountain, for the speed indicates the rapidity of our ascent; gravitation has been replaced by levitation, and I can no longer see the horses though I hear the tramp of Thunder, and the cloud is now descending and enveloping us. Language is now useless, and the voice sounds, Listen O Earth and give ear O Heavens, while the glory of Jehovah shall pass before us.

*Truth*: I also know not what to say, for I am lost in wonder and praise. It is good for us to be here and let us build three tabernacles, one for each of us, that we may abide here for ever.

*Faithful*: Here language fails me, and I can only worship and adore the Great Jehovah; but I see now in vision, and that which passes before us is

#### THE TRANSFIGURATION.

(*Vision.*)

The planet Earth, dark and dense, rolling in clouds and vapour, with a huge serpent coiled round its upper surface; deprived of its sting it is no longer repulsive, but a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. As the sun's rays pierce through the surrounding clouds they break and flee away, and it is seen in full light. The earth quivers and leaps for joy, and its axis assumes a vertical position as it feels the touch of the Angel's foot, who with one foot upon the land and the other on the sea, speaks with a voice of seven thunders, "Time shall be no more, there shall be no more sea: behold, I make all things new."

The Angel of Love places her feet on the earth and stands thereon, with her head in heaven, bathed in rays of the glorious triune sun, in which one name is inscribed—*Jehovah*. On her

head a crown of gold with many gems; on her neck, arms, and ankles are precious rubies and sapphires, sparkling and resplendent with the glory of the new heaven—her robe of transparent gold revealing a form pure and beautiful, and stretching forth her right hand, breathes forth from the hundred and forty-four thousand who accompany her, blessings, peace, and joy, saying, not by words but by living power, "Behold me, for as I am so shall ye be."

*Faithful*: Once again, we draw near to earth, Wisdom, for the speed slackens, the sun is behind us, and 'gravitation' begins to act again; and now, that I breathe the *atmosphere*, I can use words, and put my thoughts into language. How glorious, Truth! for we see in vision more in an hour than we can learn in an age down on the plain. I remember that in a time far back, a similar experience is recorded concerning a former three, but to them the command was given, "See ye tell the vision to no man!" Is this vision also to be sealed, for I feel a longing to impart it, and to interpret for those who have not been so highly privileged?

*Wisdom*: Seal not the sayings of the Book! for I perceive that the "affection" can do what wisdom alone could not do. The former three only saw the man: we have seen the woman in the man; but as I know you have been in Egypt, and learned in the wisdom of the Egyptian, say what was the number of the man the former three saw in their vision, and then say what is the number of the angel we have seen?

*Faithful*: To answer you, and to work out the problem, I need the power of Truth, for in pure truth is wisdom. Then as to the first, the number of the man is six, six, six—or put in plain figures six hundred and sixty-six; and now with your permission I work it out. The spiritual value of six is labour and temptation, and includes all states which are necessary for preparation, and the three sixes are the state of the three degrees of *the man*, but this is not perfect because its best form is only the *triangle*, which is not the sign of the *beautiful*, it is the symbol only of the *true*;—the beautiful and true must be combined to form the angel. Hence in the sixth state, though the Man to appearance stands alone, yet the "Beautiful" unknown to him has progressed to the same state as himself, and in the sixth state the two are *betrothed*.

*Wisdom*: So far, so good, Faithful, for the *man*; now let me see if you can measure the Angel; if so, you shall soon enter upon the seventh state.

*Faithful*: But, Wisdom, why did you introduce personality there? I was looking, not at self, but at the state of mankind, in general called the Church.

*Truth*: Don't you know, Faithful, that the Church is in the man, and while all go to make the "man" (and we must look at the whole as one), yet the whole is composed of parts, and the parts are "atoms" in the whole? And that is why Wisdom addressed *you* in the way he did.

*Faithful*: I thank you, Truth, for the admission and definition, for I now see that while the life of Jehovah is one, yet He continues the same for ever in *atomic* form; though the word "atom" has a different application, according to the states. But now I must answer Wisdom's second question as to the measurement of the angel; and here you see, another word is introduced: the man was *numbered*, but the word *measurement* applies to the Angel, although numbers have to be used in a subordinate way to get at the measurement. Now for the problem. The "Bride" is the new city. And to begin with, it lieth four-square; the length, and breadth and height are all equal to each other—that is two and two—or the *double*; or, in other words, the *duality* is *equality*, as seen in love and wisdom, goodness and truth, charity and faith, which are in equal proportion. The number, two, is therefore the root or radical, consequently the foundations are *twice six*—equalling twelve; there are three gates in four walls—equalling twelve, or twice six again; the same with the one protecting wall, it is twelve times twelve—144 furlongs; which contains the mystic whole of redeemed humanity—144 thousand. I could go on, but have said sufficient to show that I understand spiritual mathematics. Now, Wisdom, say, has Faithful been to Egypt for nothing?

*Wisdom*: "Out of Egypt have I called my Son," is written; the King's Son has there received his education, and to him shall be awarded the crown.

*Faithful*: But Wisdom, the chariot now rests on the earth, and the dulness and the perplexity returns. "O that I had the wings of the morning, then would I fly away and be at rest;" but our journey and the wonders we have seen took my thoughts away from the casket and its contents. What about these?

*Wisdom*: *You have had the secret revealed to you in form.* Are your eyes still closed and your ears still heavy, Faithful? What do you say, Truth?

*Truth*: I saw in that supernal light the lid of the casket opened and the mystery unveiled, and I see also that Faithful himself, true to his position in the wise man, hides his perceptions under "appearances," to which he holds so tenaciously; but I see through the appearance, and it is his special work to bring down our perceptions and thoughts from the mountain, and of necessity he must *clothe* them, hence his appearance; in so doing he is only faithful to his calling. I am persuaded from what I

saw in the mount, of the glory which has to be yet to be revealed, and I for my part commend his wisdom in drawing down the influx by questioning thoughts, for by them the *rapport* is established between heaven and earth.

*Wisdom*: Truth has spoken wisely and well, and before we part we will offer to the Great Jehovah the thanks and praises due to Him alone in sending to us the Stranger, and for the magnificent equipage that he has left with us. I see its purport: it is to be the *modus operandi* for the conveyance of life and light; and as the veil is now rent, a new and living way is opened, whereby we have access to the Shekinah, the temple of the living Jehovah. There is, however, another special journey it will have to take, but of this at present I forbear to speak until the further manifestation takes place, for the glory has yet to follow. I, like you, must obey the command of the Stranger, and wait to hear how the Spirit shall speak to the Church. Till we meet again, adieu, adieu. *Exit.*

*Truth*: Now that Wisdom has said adieu, although, brother Faithful, I have much to say, yet we are now in *time*, and I am beckoned away, so I must say adieu. *Exit.*

*Faithful*: So I am, for a time, alone again. While I was musing, the fire burned within me; then spoke I with my tongue and declared the glory of Jehovah. *Exit.*

## THE N AND NOW.

### A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

ONE Christmas-night amid the gathering gloom,  
Pondering o'er many thoughts I sat alone;  
The frosty air was biting to the bone,  
The snow lay white and cold upon the grass,  
Like the pale face and icy touch of Death.  
I travelled o'er the well-remembered past,  
Back to my early days: they live in me,  
And I in them, what hath been is eterne.  
I sit within the large and quaint old room,  
Where young and old—all who can kindred claim—  
Have yearly met for many a Christmas round;  
Feasting, and dance, and song, and blazing fire,  
And games, the joyous season make more glad;  
The dear old aunt in stately high-back chair  
Looks smiling on, dandling her nephew's babe  
Upon her knee, with snatch of nursery song  
She learned in years long past when she was young.  
The old-time picture fades and dies away  
Into the frosty air; the merry laugh,  
The fond familiar faces all have gone,  
As one by one they vanished long ago;—  
A slippered lean old man alone is left,  
Nursing the embers of the dying fire,  
Waiting the time when he shall join the rest. • T. S.

## OCCASIONAL LEAVES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

SINCE I penned my last Notes Mr. Burns has honoured me by devoting an entire Lecture—first delivered at Doughty Hall, and afterwards published in full in his paper—to a reply to the few remarks I made in the short letter which appeared, first in the *Medium*, and afterwards in the November issue of the *Spiritual Magazine*. The most singular fact, however, to be observed about the matter is, that although nearly nine columns of Mr. Burns' journal are devoted to this subject, he has not so much as named the three simple propositions—occupying only a few lines—into which, as I previously stated, the whole argument resolves itself. All

The rest is leather and prunella.

I am charged in the letter with being guilty of a series of "assumptions;" some of which so-called assumptions are as obviously true as a proposition in Euclid, and others of them I have no more to do with than I have with the inhabitants of Jupiter, or the Man in the Moon. Mr. Burns' position, on the whole, I candidly confess I do not understand. The Scriptures, he says, "are chokefull of truth;" and yet from these same Scriptures he declares "Spiritualists have nothing to learn." Assuredly, either Spiritualists, or any other people, might learn very much from a volume that is so "chokefull of truth." I thought it was tolerably clear that Spiritualism meant communion with the so-called dead, but this notion Mr. Burns affirms to be one of my assumptions. Spiritualism, according to him, therefore is something else, but what else it is very difficult to gather from the lecture, except that Mr. Burns is its only legitimate exponent, and the *Medium* its sole literary organ. In a most admirable work recently issued by Mrs. Mary A. Davis, wife of Andrew Jackson Davis, Spiritualism is defined as follows:—

- 1.—That man has a spirit.
- 2.—That this spirit lives after death.
- 3.—That it can hold intercourse with human beings on earth.

This, in point of fact, comprises the whole of Spiritualism *pur et simple*, and anything beyond it which is attempted to be grafted into the principle may or may not be true or good or useful, or in harmony with spiritual truth, but has no right to be declared a part of Spiritualism itself. I have before remarked,

and it cannot be too often repeated, that not only do Spiritualists but spirits themselves differ upon almost every subject that falls within the range of human thought, with the bare exception of man's immortality, and the possibility of communion with the inhabitants of the spirit-world. Mr. Burns may console himself with the idea that his views alone embody true Spiritualism; but there are tens of thousands of Spiritualists in the world who maintain that both he and the spirits from whom he receives his communications are utterly in error, not only as it regards extraneous matters unnecessarily dragged into the movement, but as to the very nature and laws of spiritual existence. What do the Re-incarnationists--comprising nearly the whole of the Spiritualists in France and Germany, many in America, and some in England--say to Mr. Burns' Spiritualism? What the advocates of the Diakka theory, now being promulgated in America and accepted by large numbers? What the Christian Spiritualists, who, however Mr. Burns may sneer at them, it must be remembered comprise some of the foremost men in the Movement, such men as William Howitt, S. C. Hall, Daniel Home, Newton Crosland, Enmore Jones, and a score of others too numerous to mention?

What I advocate is simply a broad spiritual platform on which we can all meet, and this Mr. Burns attempts to narrow down into a party who agree with him. It will be obvious, therefore, I think, that it is he, and not I, who is guilty of introducing Sectarianism into the Movement.

The objections urged against Christianity in the Lecture in question I have not time here to deal with, nor perhaps would it be in place. I may just remark, however, that Mr. Burns seems to imagine that as he alone understands true Spiritualism, so he is the only man living who has an accurate knowledge of what Christianity really is. The Churches are all wrong, and have been so for eighteen hundred years. Peter, and John, and Paul were in error on the subject; and it is doubtful whether, according to this modern light, Jesus understood His own religion since we are distinctly informed that He was not a Christian. The new interpretation of the sacred Scriptures, which reduces our Lord to the condition of an ordinary medium, and declares that His blood is simply the fluid which may be seen any day passing from spirits behind Dr. Mack into diseased patients, will, I think, find few sympathisers amongst those who are in the habit of reading thoughtfully and prayerfully the volume which the most civilised nations, and the most learned, cultured, and profound thinkers that have ever lived have agreed to call the inspired Word of God.

There is one other fact worth naming, which is that Mr.



Burns declares that he has never read a sceptical book in his life, and yet in a note appended to the lecture he warmly recommends to his readers a long string of sceptical books. It would be interesting to know upon what principle a man recommends to his readers a list of books which he has never read, and which may, therefore, contain principles utterly at variance with those he himself holds to be true, and may, moreover, for anything he knows to the contrary, be utterly unworthy of perusal.

Amongst the numerous letters that I have received on this subject I introduce the following from my friend Mr. D. D. Home. Besides bearing on this question, it will be found to contain some important matters relating to another phase of the Spiritual Movement:—

Dear Dr. Sexton,—The term “Christian” has become so hackneyed, and applied in so many instances where it is “but a name,” that at last we are asked what we mean by it? To me it signifies taking the crucified Christ as an example, and in our daily lives endeavouring to follow out the precepts handed down to us from that time. I care not if they *were* known previously—it ought to be my endeavour to emulate the purity and charity contained therein. Fine lawn sleeves and thirty thousand a year does not make a Christian, but at the same time I see no reason why it should prevent my being one. If I do my duty to God and my fellow-man, the thirty thousand a year is simply an auxiliary placed in my hands, the better enabling me to do what good I can. I am responsible for the charge God has given me; if I fail in the accomplishment of my duty, the fault is mine and as a man I am alone responsible. If my Christianity has been neglected, it therefore is not in fault.

If we take the Sermon on the Mount and shape our lives according to the teachings therein we need not fear. I see no reason why I should censure the man or woman who in some point of dogma may differ from me. We are all children of the one Great Father, and methinks the harmony is all the greater that we should not all see or understand things from the same point of view. Spiritualism is to me not a religion, but it comes as a certitude, and gives reality to my religion. From earliest recollections prayer was a solace to my nature, and it is still. I never had a *séance* that was not preceded by mental prayer. This may surprise even some of my friends, for I have ever thought to avoid anything like ostentation or a long face; my religion is a joyous one. I have reason to *love* God—I do not *fear* Him. When I do wrong I cast the blame on myself, and the imperfection of my knowledge as regards the governing of my nature. I conjure up no devil to cast the burden of my sin on his shoulders.

Spiritualism teaches that immortality is a certitude, and that those we love are not lost to us nor we to them. We also have the consolation given us that under conditions, *not yet defined*, the veil that separates us from them is gently drawn aside, and we see them and hear words of love causing our hearts to throb with joy. I have friends in almost every known denomination who are Spiritualists, and do not withdraw from their particular place of worship (and I can see no reason why they should do so), inasmuch as they are happy in their belief, and Spiritualism has only increased their joy.

I am certain that the time will come when Spiritualism will be synonymous with the precepts taught by Christ and inseparable from all that is great and pure. I am proud of being a Spiritualist, all the more proud in the weakness of my nature that I have suffered much in the advancement of the cause. I have the same reasons to be proud of having the precepts of Christ held out as a beacon star to guide me.

Spirits have taught me no new religion, nor have they sought to uproot, and

with ignorant and harsh teachings destroy, the sentiment of prayerful trust I have in God. With tender, loving care certain ideas have been modified, and the reasoning powers God has endowed me with have been called into activity. All this is to my way of thinking coupled with the name of Christianity, and if you see fit to be known as a "Christian Spiritualist," and in your daily life and private and public teachings seek to elevate mankind to the higher standard of godliness, I give you with all the fervour of my soul the right hand of fellowship, and say, may God bless and His good angels *guide* and *guard* you.

We must needs have a care that Spiritualism does not become a "hackneyed phrase"—nay more, a by-word in the mouths of passers by. I will not go into the many abuses wicked in the extreme, and absurd as well as wicked, that go on in Spiritualism. The more glaring the imposture, and the deeper rooted the vice may be, if an honest person has the courage to complain, the more he may expect to be howled at and pointed out as one to be avoided. None of us are perfect, but we should at least endeavour to live in such a way as to avoid the finger of scorn being pointed at us, thus disgracing ourselves and others.

I implore you to advocate the suppression of dark *séances*. Every form of phenomena ever occurring through me at the few dark *séances* have been repeated over and over again in the light, and I now deeply regret ever having had other than light *séances*.

What we used to term darkness consisted in extinguishing the lights in the room, and then we used to open the curtains, or, in very many instances, have the fire light (which, if burning, was never extinguished), when we could with perfect ease distinguish the outline form of every one in the room.

I could give you details concerning the dark *séances* of the present day which would thrill you with horror. I have my information from persons who were present, and, detecting the imposture, were honest enough to expose it, and of course were roundly abused. These dark *séances*, in the mildest way of putting it, pave the way to suspicion, and I may as well term them the hot-beds of imposture. There is a strange psychological question involved in all this, for I have known persons who consider themselves honest who have told me that they have not only allowed cheating to go on, when they might by a word have exposed it, but that *it made them laugh* to hear Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so having their faces touched and caressed by a hand perfectly incarnate, but they thinking it was a spirit saying, "Oh, dear, dear spirit, do touch me again." I frankly confess I can see nothing to laugh at in all this; I consider it painful in the extreme. Who are the men of science being convinced at present? Who are the men of letters and arts coming before the world, and saying, I have scoffed at these things and now I believe? Who are the fathers and mothers of families who have been convinced, and teach to their children not alone that God sees them, but that some loved one is perhaps at that very moment standing near? During my last visit to London, the men of science who were convinced years ago, and whose names are quoted in every country where there is a printed language, said to me words indicative of their disgust at the present state of things. Before we begin to take umbrage at the use of any name to designate ourselves, let us work with a will to elevate ourselves and others, and we shall be doing our noblest work. The simple precepts of Christ have not been surpassed, or even added to by any spirit or teacher of our day, and it behoves us in all humility to seek to imitate them. It is just possible when we arrive at this point, we shall have less cause for scandal in our midst, and the lives of those who advertise as wonder-workers might bear closer inspection. Every denomination has its unworthy teacher, and there are bad ministers, bad priests, and bad bishops. These are all men; it is not the religion that has anything wrong, it is only the poor human interpreter who has failed in the accomplishment of his duty. God in His loving forbearance has borne with all this, and He can both pity and forgive. Surely we may seek to imitate Him in this at least. Have courage, dear Dr. Sexton, your pathway will not be strewn with flowers. True here and there a rose may be found, but do not shrink when the thorns are made manifest. The clouds may seem dark and lowering, but bear in mind that when the sunset hour approaches, those very clouds will be burnished with the golden glory of a never-ending day. And as in nature the birds trill their

sweetest songs at that hour, so will the purified spirits of those who are nearer God than we are, sing to you the songs of eternal love and peace. Ever praying God to bless you.

Believe me, dear Dr. Sexton, yours faithfully,

D. D. HOME.

Oct. 25th, 1875.  
Hotel des Iles Britannique,  
22, Rue de la Paix, Paris.

On Sunday, November 21st, I resumed my ministrations at the Cavendish Rooms, delivering two Discourses, that in the morning being entitled "Onward, but Whither?" and consisting mainly of a criticism of what are called "advanced views" on the subject of religion. My object was to point out that in this rapid onward movement of thought, as it is called, it was very necessary for us occasionally to pull up, carefully consider our position, and ask ourselves, Whither are we drifting? In the evening I gave a criticism on the Paper of Professor Tyndall in the *Fortnightly Review*, which Paper was professedly a reply to his critics, but in reality only dealt with one of them, *viz.*, Professor Martineau. Dr. Tyndall's recent defence of Materialism I showed to be as illogical and as unphilosophical as his Belfast Address. In the afternoon of the same day I delivered a Discourse in the Lecture Hall, Deptford, which formed the concluding lecture of a series of Apologetic Services, given by Mr. G. M. Turpin in connection with the Christian Evidence Society. My subject was "Experiences of Infidelity." There was a good audience and every one seemed much interested in what I had to say. The following account of the Meeting appeared in the *Greenwich and Deptford Chronicle* of November 27th:—

On Sunday afternoon, Mr. G. M. Turpin held in the Lecture-hall, Deptford, the concluding Apologetic Services of the course, in connection with the Christian Evidence Society.

On this occasion he invited Dr. Sexton, the able ex-Secular lecturer, to give his "Experiences of Infidelity." After Mr. Turpin had read a portion of Scripture and offered a brief prayer, he introduced Dr. Sexton to the audience with feelings of great pleasure, as one who had been the most scientific person that had ever held the position of a lecturer in the Secular camp, and who would be able to tell them, from twenty-five years' experience, what sort of a thing Secularism was.

Dr. Sexton, who was evidently very unwell, said he had just left his bed, where he had been confined for over a fortnight, and that therefore his address would be very brief. In the earlier portion of his speech he gave some details of the nature of his connection with the Secular movement; and the remarks he made to Mr. G. J. Holyoake when he originated the name "Secularist" as the future designation of members of the infidel organization. He said he had never been able to find anything in Secularism but a bundle of negations, and while in the party he had frequently told them so. Secularism was the one principle upon which it was supposed that at least all sceptics would be agreed; but experience had proved that it had not fulfilled its mission, for Mr. Holyoake had one kind of Secularism, Mr. Bradlaugh another, Mr. C. Watts another, and, last of all, it had been re-stated by Mr. Foote. As for Science, the Secular

party talked about it, but did not care for it. Atheism, which Secularism was in reality (said Dr. Sexton), was a cheerless negation, and foreign to human nature. Conscience would speak out for God and immortality. Mr. Holyoake had said "That behind us there was a black curtain of the past, and before us also that of the future, and no voice came to inform us of what was behind." Dr. Sexton said that the statement was not correct, for Christ had come from behind the curtain and pointed out to us a glorious immortality.

There was a very good audience for Sunday afternoon, and those present were deeply interested in Dr. Sexton's address. It was evident that the notice of the lecturer's appearance had created some excitement both in the Christian and Secular camp, for amongst the audience were many active Christians, and also numerous Secularists, including the secretary of the Deptford Secular Society.

As this was the first Sunday that I had been out after my illness, the delivery of three Discourses, and the travelling which they involved, taxed my energies to the utmost extent, and it became questionable whether so much work would not necessarily cause a relapse. It did not, however; and I am thankful to say that I am now pretty well restored to health.

On Sunday, the 28th, I commenced a series of Discourses on Living Beings, taking upon that occasion the subject of "Protoplasm," a term borrowed from the Germans, and used frequently in the most vague and unsatisfactory sense in this country. I criticised the views of Professor Huxley, and endeavoured to show that he was utterly in error in supposing that protoplasm could form the basis of life, or in any way serve to explain the mysteries of vitality. I continued this series of Discourses on the two following Sundays, taking upon December 5th the subject of the "Mysteries of Physical Life;" and on the 12th "Man a Spiritual Being." This last named Discourse is printed in the present number of the *Spiritual Magazine*. On the mornings of December 5th and 12th, my subjects were, "Is Christianity Narrow?" and "Nature and Providence." The audiences, although tolerably good in the evening, are always small in the morning, which is very much to be regretted. In London there seems some difficulty in getting together a large morning congregation; but I shall be glad if my friends will use their endeavours to assist me as much as possible in this respect.

On the 30th of November there was a large gathering of the members and friends of the Dalston Association of Enquirers into Spiritualism, held at the rooms of the Society, Navarino Road, at which, in the absence of the president Mr. Jencken, I presided. The evening was a most enjoyable one, everything passing off most harmoniously. Mr. Morse delivered a short lecture on his experiences in America, Mr. Thomas Shorter gave a brief address, and the rest of the evening was spent in listening to some very pleasing songs and recitations.

London,  
December 14th, 1875.

GEORGE SEXTON.

LOVE'S SENTINEL.

Ah ! wherefore is it that I stand,  
 Waiting alone in all the land,  
 The only one with sheathèd brand ?  
 From opal morn till evening grey,  
 I gaze along the king's highway,  
 Watching the pine-tree shadows play.  
 I stand upon the lone watch-tower,  
 Though wild winds howl, though tem-  
     pests lower,  
 And ceaseless watch, midst shine and  
     shower.  
 Full well, I know, that He *will* come ;  
 But whether 'twill be with trump and  
     drum—  
 With martial pomp and merry hum  
 Of a thousand feet, I cannot say ;  
 I only know that I must stay,  
 Must watch, till He passeth by this  
     way.  
 I know, He said, “ Watch, wait and  
     pray ! ”  
 Therefore, I watch ; I dare not stray  
 From this lone watch-tower night or  
     day.

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Lo! hear ye not that dulcet sound?  
Behold, He cometh! olive-crowned,  
A patient pilgrim, meekly gowned.

No train see I of warriors stout—  
No waving banners, hear no loud  
    shout—  
See no flowers flung, no pageant rout!  
Only a guileless, humble train,  
Whom med'cines bear to heal death's pain,  
Waters of love to cleanse earth's stain.

Eyes! ye have strained so long your  
     gaze,  
 That now you cannot, through amaze,  
 Look forth beyond white clouds of  
     haze.  
 Ears! listening through long years in  
     vain,  
 Your throbbings now make dull the  
     brain,  
 And joy's excess becometh pain!  
 Sense lieth dead. Yet soul, thy eye,  
 Thy ear, thy brain, their Lord descry;  
 Thy tongue, sweet jubilee, doth cry.  
 At my King's feet, I cast me down—  
 Dare I to kiss His purple gown?  
 Dare I to gaze upon His crown?  
 Its brightness were too bright for me,  
 Suffice it if I, kneeling, see  
 Pale feet which bled on Calvary.  
 Oh, royal Love! I cannot hear  
 Thy heavenly voice; too soft, too  
     clear,  
 Its silvery tones for my rough ear.  
 Oh, cleanse me through Thy servants  
     holy!  
 Alone, when cleansed, healed wholly,  
 Shall I be fitted as a lowly  
 And watchful sentinel to return  
 Into the tower, where I will burn  
 With tenfold zeal, Thy love to earn.  
 There let my soul be as a flame—  
 Blazing abroad Thy perfect name—  
 A cresset lit to spread Thy fame!

A. M. H. W.

## RE-INCARNATION THEORIES AND THEIR NEW APOSTLE.

By THOMAS BREVIOR.

"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,  
And these are of them."—SHAKESPEARE.

IN reply to the enquiries in my article in the September number of this Magazine, Signor Damiani in his letter in its December number has referred me to the *Revue Spiritualiste*, to the *Concile de la Libre Pensée*, to *La Revue Spirite*, and to all the English periodicals of the last few years. These references are not very specific; and as the statements in my article were based chiefly on these and like sources and my own personal knowledge, I cannot say that I have received much additional information from him on this head. It may be that his survey and mine have been taken from different points; or that, as he suggests, our organs of perception are very differently formed. The reader who is sufficiently interested in the question may refer to the Papers on Re-incarnation in the volumes of this Magazine and other journals, and determine for himself whether the Signor's perceptions and representations on this subject, or mine are the more accurate; and also whether what he presents, as the culminating and crushing arguments employed against the Re-incarnation theory by its intelligent opponents, is a fair representation or a travesty and caricature. Signor Damiani seems himself to have some misgiving on the point, for he tells us, "If I have omitted reasons more cogent than these, brought forward by the phalanx of its opponents, I am ready and willing to stand correction." Well, he need not go very far to obtain it. When the hot fit of enthusiasm, so common in a new pervert, and so blinding in its effects, is over, he has only to reperuse the articles on the subject in this Magazine, which seem to be in his possession, and he will be able to correct himself.

Signor Damiani inquires whether or not I admit the necessity of at least one incarnation. If not, he says, I declare providence to have done a work of supererogation; if I do, he wishes me to tell him what becomes of the education of those souls who, by the brief duration of their earthly life, have been deprived of the advantages which the education of a longer life on earth would have given them. He points out that while one human soul, by its premature departure from earth, is spared all the evils flesh is heir to, and without even a pang is sent straight

to the joys of angel life; another spirit inherits a low organization; the offspring of a long line of malefactors, he remains here for threescore years and ten, the victim of disease, and pain, and vice; and when his soul is finally wrenched from his body, "cycles upon cycles of unutterable misery attend him in the world of spirits." And he thinks to slay me outright with the question—"How can non-Re-incarnationists reconcile the justice of God with the execution of these two decrees?"

The Signor tells me this is only one question of a thousand he could put; and I presume he has selected it as the greatest poser of the whole. It presents the standing argument continually urged by Re-incarnationists with an air of triumph as absolutely unanswerable. It is in point of fact simply presenting to us that old-world problem, the most difficult of any with which philosophy and theology has to deal. How to reconcile the justice of God with the existence of moral evil in the world. Signor Damiani and his school of philosophy contend that the solution of this terrible problem is to be found in Re-incarnation, and nowhere else. It cannot reasonably be expected of me to arbitrate between this and the various other theories presented with equal confidence for this purpose. To attempt to deal adequately with a mystery so awful, perplexing, and profound, in an article like this especially, would be manifestly presumptuous and absurd. But, without availing myself of that latitude of time which my friend considerably allows me for dealing with it, I may at least modestly enquire whether we do not better show our trust in the justice of God by allowing that justice to vindicate itself in its own time and way, than by volunteering to be the apologists of Providence—taking it under our patronage, and kindly pointing out how its errors might be rectified, if only it would adopt the theories we have invented for it, and incorporate them into its economy and administration. I prefer the former method; my friend, Damiani, adopts the latter, and undertakes to explain and justify the decrees of Providence; and not only in my judgment fails, as wiser men have done before him, but, without removing or even diminishing the old difficulties by his hypothesis, adds thereby new ones—possibly, too, of greater magnitude.

I do not sufficiently know the ways of Providence, and have too much reverence for the Deity to affirm that to Him, with His infinitude of resource, if I may so express it, even one incarnation for us is "necessary" and "indispensable." But I see that such incarnation is a fact, and I am able to perceive some of the uses it subserves. I cannot therefore assert it to be a work of supererogation; though I think it would look very much

like it were we compelled to return to earth again, to repeat the mistakes and follies of our past lives without even the consciousness of such existence which might enable us to profit by these sad experiences. No doubt superficially considered, and to our wounded affections, the removal of our infants to the spirit-world seems, as the Signor tells us, premature: but are we so intimate with all the issues of life and death, with all the purposes and methods of the Divine economy in both worlds, that we can confidently affirm it to be really so? May not a true philosophy coincide with genuine piety in teaching that these things are ordained by a higher wisdom than our own, which sees farther, to the end as well as from the beginning, and that doeth all things well? A poet has written on the death of an infant:—

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,  
Death came with kindly care;  
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,  
And bade it blossom there.

No, says Signor Damiani, that is a mistake, the tender fibres cannot receive their nourishment, the bud cannot open and blossom in the Paradise of God to which it has been conveyed, it must be retransplanted to this wilderness of earth; this is the only soil in the universe in which it can grow and thrive, and blossom and flower. The infant-nursling of the skies must become an infant here again, and with no certainty that the process may not have to be again repeated. We may well ask the apologist for Providence—Why then was it removed at all? Why the pain and grief of separation and bereavement? Why was the parental heart thus cheated of its dues, and the flower and fruit of its love transferred to the care of strangers? Why commit Providence to so bungling and clumsy a method of rectifying what, on the theory of Re-incarnation, is but a succession of blunders? Another poet, in a spirit of pious resignation on the loss of an infant daughter, exclaims:—

Take her, O Father, to Thine arms,  
And let her henceforth be  
A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts and Thee!

The true poet with clear spiritual insight sees deeper into these mysteries than our *pseudo*-philosophers.

But, asks my interrogator, what becomes of the education of those souls which are bereft by early death of the advantages of that rudimentary education they would have had by a longer existence upon earth? What then, are there no loving mothers in the spirit-world to take the place of earthly parents—no schools or colleges, no appliances of education in all the universe of souls? Is the spirit-world so poor and destitute, so meagre



in resource that the young souls who enter it must be sent back to earth as the only infant school where the initiatory lessons of life are to be learned? I cannot believe it.

Great God! I'd rather be  
A Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn,  
So might I, standing on some pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn!

But yet again, I am asked how it is that while one passes to spirit-life in infancy, sinless and without a pang, another passes through a long life of sin and misery consequent upon unfortunate organic conditions and bad surroundings, and when at length his soul is wrenched from his body, cycles upon cycles of unutterable misery attend him in the world of spirits. I am asked how, except upon the principle of Re-incarnation can this be reconciled with the justice of God? Is my friend quite certain that cycles upon cycles of unutterable misery in the spirit-world await even the vicious and criminal who have been so not from intelligent free choice, but as the consequence of organic malformation and unfavourable environment? I have not so learned of Spiritualism. Natural reason, modern revelation, and Christianity alike assure me that the justice of God manifests itself in that great principle of compensation, which is the universal law of the spirit-world; that any advantages which the spirit may have lost by natural death in infancy, or from being the victim of a low cramped type of physical organization and bad social arrangements, will find their compensation in the more loving sympathies, affectionate solicitude, tender care, assiduous culture, and special opportunities it will receive; that in that great world of light and love in which there is a universal sympathy which knits together the vast family of souls, there is ample provision for the requirements of all its members. There is no need for the lame, the blind, the ignorant, the indigent, and the wretched, to take their chance again in a world that has been to them so unpropitious. It is a poor argument for taking another ticket in the lottery—that the former one proved a blank.

But why does Signor Damiani appeal to our sympathies in behalf of these miserable ones. On the theory of Re-incarnation, commiseration for them is out of place, except in the sense in which it may be extended to malefactors. For on that theory their present lot is the just and necessary consequence of their past lives. This earth is a sort of Botany Bay, and these afflicted and miserable ones are but expiating their past crimes—undergoing their sentence of penal servitude; as the Re-incarnationists whom Christ rebuked believed that the man born blind was so as a punishment for sin which in some previous incarnation he had committed. The degree of present misfortune

is thus the measure of past guilt; and where otherwise our sympathies would be drawn out, we feel revulsion; and in place of compassion for the unfortunate we shrink with abhorrence from the criminal. Thus, under the influence of this baneful superstition, the milk of natural human kindness becomes soured, or dries up within us; and the holiest affections of our nature are perverted, or wither under its pestilential breath. True, indeed, it is that not only the vicious and the criminal, but all men need to be born again; but not by the process of natural birth. We require (in the words of Scripture) to be born of water and of the spirit; that is, into a state of greater purity and higher spiritual life. We need not Re-incarnation, but regeneration. O Signor! art thou a master in Israel and knowest not these things?

Some minor points in Signor Damiani's letter, I can only touch upon very briefly, and others I must leave unconsidered. It certainly is news to me that the Re-incarnationists are the preponderant majority amongst the Spiritualists of the world, if by Spiritualists he means those who are commonly so designated. It is a poor business counting heads on any side of any question without reference to their capacity and contents; but I may remind him that Miss Anna Blackwell in a recent article acknowledged that Re-incarnationists were in a minority among Spiritualists. I leave the translator of Kardec and his latest apostle to settle the account between them. "It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands."

It is gratifying to learn from so excellent an authority as Signor Damiani that those who have fought the fight of the spirit against the flesh are not in so terrible a plight as he at first depicted; that their wounds and bruises are not so very serious after all. From the high hill-tops of reason he has calmly and without prejudice surveyed the battle-fields, and he sees that though we of the opposite camp, owing, as he kindly admits, to the slippery nature of the ground (and the ground of Re-incarnation is certainly very slippery), have fallen on our own weapons, we are still a firm phalanx, unconscious of defeat; unscarred, jovial-looking, head erect, sword in hand, defiant as ever. Just so! As Paul Bedford used to say, "I believe you, my boy!" The Signor's last vision is clearer than his first. Perhaps it was then obscured by the smoke of the cannon, or inverted by some refraction of the mind's atmosphere. Let him look again; possibly the third vision may reverse the picture of the first.

Again, it is a comfort to know that the spirit-preachers of this Neo-Paganism have revealed to the faithful that England is not yet prepared for the teachings of Re-incarnation. Halle-

lujah! The discovery does credit to their sagacity. May they long have good reason to repeat this revelation, and may the Signor and his friends profit by it, so that there may be no occasion to remind them of the famous question of Beatrice—"Why will Signor Benedict continue to speak when there is no one to listen to him?"

I admit, with my friend, that discussion has its place and use, but I by no means credit it with being the infallible guide to truth which he appears to esteem it. I have far more faith in the efficacy of time, meditation, experience, and reflection, and in the method prescribed by the ancient poet-philosopher—"Commune with thy own heart, and be still!" Discussion, it seems to me, can have little value where there is no agreement as to the facts on which it is based. And, unfortunately for the Re-incarnationists, while they favour us with any amount of speculation and hypothesis and theory, the idle cobwebs of the brain, their facts are sparse and scattered, and for the most part apocryphal, while the small residuum that may remain after careful sifting, require a far wiser interpretation than they receive from these dreamers of foolish and fantastic dreams. I cannot, then, see any sufficient good that could arise out of the discussion to which Signor Damiani's letter appears to invite me. Time and thought, it seems to me, can be better employed. I prefer to step where I feel the ground firm under me, to where any foothold, if it can be obtained, must be precarious and "slippery."

Indeed, I stand appalled at the announcement by the Signor, that he has already a thousand questions on this subject he is prepared to put to me; and fear that he must be a re-incarnated Note of Interrogation, while the Editor of this Magazine, too, must be filled with consternation at the interminable vista of controversy that would open out before him. There is a book well known to evangelical readers as *An Alarm to the Unconverted*. If the "unconverted" in the present instance should be called upon to answer my interrogator's thousand questions, I may well feel an alarm at the prospect, especially if put at the same length, and on such knotty points as the one with which he has favoured me.

When Re-incarnation assumes a more scientific aspect, when it can offer a body of demonstrable facts, admitting of verification, like those of Modern Spiritualism, it will merit ample and careful discussion. Meanwhile, let the architects of speculation amuse themselves if they will by building castles in the air; life is too short, and there is too much to do in this busy world to leave either leisure or inclination to occupy ourselves in demolishing these airy structures, or in showing on

what slight foundations they are reared. It is far better to work out those points in which we are agreed than to wrangle over those upon which we appear so hopelessly to differ.

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## NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

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### QUARTERLY ENTERTAINMENT IN AID OF THE ORGAN FUND IN CONNECTION WITH DR. SEXTON'S CHURCH.

ON Wednesday, December 8th, the second of the series of Quarterly Entertainments in aid of the Organ Fund in connection with Dr. Sexton's Sunday Services, was held at the Cavendish Rooms. The attendance was good, the audience exceedingly select, and the whole of the proceedings of a most satisfactory character. The first part of the Entertainment was Sacred and the second Secular, which arrangement served to introduce variety and to augment the interest felt in the proceedings. The Sacred part opened with a Pianoforte Solo, played by Colonel Greek with great efficiency, who volunteered at the last moment to supply the place of the lady who had promised to attend, but for some reason or other did not put in an appearance. As this lady was announced to play all the accompaniments, her absence would have placed the Managers in a serious dilemma, but for the fact that Dr. Basley, a distinguished professional, happened to attend to play the accompaniments to his pupil Miss Florence Lovell, and kindly offered to render any assistance he could during the evening. The audience was in reality, therefore, a gainer, although of course a considerable amount of anxiety was experienced on the part of those who had the management of the Concert, at what might have proved a serious interference to the evening's proceedings. Of Dr. Basley, we can only say that we have seldom listened to such exquisite playing as he favoured us with, and several persons that we have seen since the Concert declared themselves to be of the same opinion. Next followed the Anthem, "Thine, O Lord, is the Greatness," by the Members of the Choir, under the direction of Mr. Williams, the rendering of which deserves warm praise. Indeed, the great progress made by the Members of the Choir, and their present efficiency, formed the subject of much comment during the evening. Not a few persons expressed themselves surprised and highly gratified, at the fact that so efficient a Choir had been got together in so short a time. Indeed, some present announced their intention of attending

Dr. Sexton's Services in future, if only to hear the singing. Miss Claxton then sang a piece called "Resignation," in a most perfect manner. The piece itself, and the ability of the singer, were both very highly eulogised. Then came a solo from the Oratorio of *Samson*, "Return, O God of Hosts," given by Mrs. Russell, a pupil of Madame Sainton-Dolby, in a style which did credit both to the vocalist, and to the eminent lady from whom she received her tuition. Miss Sexton sang "Angels ever Bright and Fair," from Handel's *Theodora*, in her very best style; followed by "I know that my Redeemer liveth," from the *Messiah*, sung by Miss Rose Ebsworth, a young professional lady of great promise, and who has already obtained a considerable reputation, which, with the accompaniment of Dr. Basley, fairly enchanted the audience. Mr. Nesbit Browne, gave "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," in a masterly manner. Miss Florence Lovell proved a great success in the song of "Vashti," eliciting much applause and general commendation. The Anthem, "Deus Misereatur," by the Members of the Choir, brought the Sacred part of the Evening's proceedings to a close.

After a short interval, the Secular part of the Entertainment commenced with a Pianoforte Solo, by Colonel Greck, followed by the Glee, "Hail, Smiling Morn," by the Members of the Choir. Next came a Monologue Sketch, by Mr. Albert G. Ogan, entitled, "Bill's Birthday." Mr. Ogan is a most accomplished comedian, and will some day, we have no doubt, occupy a leading position on the stage. This piece, however, by no means did justice to his powers. It was somewhat funny and created a good deal of amusement; but was far inferior to many of the sketches which Mr. Ogan is in the habit of giving with such immense effect. Miss Florence Lovell followed, with the song of the "Minstrel Boy," which was admirably given and enthusiastically received. Mr. James Thomson, an efficient member of Dr. Sexton's Choir, created quite a *furor* by his rendering of a song entitled, "Hail to the Chief," indeed so loud and long continued was the demand for an encore that although contrary to the regulations that had been decided upon he was compelled to make his re-appearance, and sing another song. Miss Claxton enchanted the audience with the song of "Forget-me-Not." Mr. Thomas Menzies recited Southey's "March to Moscow," in that masterly manner which he never fails to display, and which has rendered him so popular at entertainments of this kind. Miss Rose Ebsworth then sang "It was a Dream" with no less perfection than she had displayed in her previous undertaking." "Strangers Yet," by Mr. Nesbit Browne, was well deserving of the applause with

which it was greeted ; and Mrs. Russell's "Auld Robin Gray" cannot be too highly praised. Mr. E. Parkinson Ashton gave the well-known recitation entitled, "Logic," which, from its being so old and having been done in almost every elocution class in the country, was feared would prove a failure. He gave to it, however, an entirely new reading and threw into it an amount of spirit such as had been seldom seen before, the result being that in his hands it became a marvel of success. Miss Sexton sang "O my Lost Love," with great *éclat*. Mr. Frederick Maurice Sexton recited a piece called, "Captain Paul," most admirably. The poem itself contained a very pleasing little plot, and the elocutionary power with which it was given, served greatly to enhance its interest. Miss M. Lowry's "Silver Herrings" took the audience by surprise, and an encore was insisted upon. Then came a selection from Pickwick, given by Messrs. Albert G. Ogan and George Sexton, junr., with great effect. The Members of the Choir gave "See our Oars with Feathered Spray," which brought the proceedings to a close. On the whole the Entertainment was certainly a most satisfactory one, and all the persons that we spoke to on the evening, or have conversed with since on the subject, have expressed themselves as intensely gratified with all that occurred.

The next Entertainment will take place about the middle of March, of which due notice will be given.

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#### DALSTON ASSOCIATION OF ENQUIRERS INTO SPIRITUALISM.

On Tuesday the 11th inst. Dr. Sexton will read a Paper before this Association, at their rooms, 74, Navarino Road, on "Occult Psychological Phenomena occurring outside what is called Spiritualism." Non-members may receive tickets of admission, free of charge, on application to Mr. Thomas Blyton, Honorary Secretary.

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#### TRANSLATION OF THE WORKS OF CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

The *Spiritual Scientist*, an able weekly Journal devoted to the cause of Spiritualism, and published at Boston, announces that there is to be shortly commenced in its pages a translation of the works of Cornelius Agrippa. The translator is said to be "a gentleman well qualified not only in the task he has undertaken, but also to illustrate Agrippa's meaning, and show the relation between ancient and modern phenomena." This translation will prove highly acceptable to the readers of the *Spiritual Scientist*, and will doubtless add to the reputation of

a valuable and rising journal. Those of our readers who desire to procure the *Spiritual Scientist* can have it sent post free, direct from Boston, for 13s. per annum, which they can remit to our office, 75, Fleet Street.

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“SAUNDERS’S NEWS LETTER” ON SPIRITUALISM.

The Dublin papers have recently been discussing Spiritualism. Amongst the articles that have appeared on the subject, the following, which we copy from *Saunders’s News Letter*, is deserving of attention, since it is evidently written by some one thoroughly conversant with the present condition of Spiritualism, and displays a spirit of fairness most unusual in leading-article writers:—

Ever since its origin in America in 1848, the movement known as Modern Spiritualism has had to struggle against the opposition of both religion, science, and popular prejudices of all kinds. Latterly, however, it has received the support of so many of the foremost scientific men of the day, that most people are inclined to think “there must be something in it, after all,” and the number of its violent opponents is constantly decreasing. So much interest in the subject has recently been created in Dublin and elsewhere by the moderate and able essay published in the *Nonconformist*, by our accomplished fellow-townsmen, Professor Barrett, that we think our readers may, perhaps, feel interested in an account of the present position of Spiritualism in Europe and America, compiled from the most recent and reliable sources. First of all, we may define Spiritualism as the belief that communication between the living and the (so-called) dead is possible. That is all. We are fully aware that some Spiritualists mix up various irrelevant, dietetic or social questions, such as teetotalism, vegetarianism, anti-vaccination and sometimes (in America) free-love, with the movement; but these are all questions which, whatever their claims on our consideration may be, have no necessary connection with Spiritualism, and are only advocated by isolated sections of Spiritualists. Nevertheless, as these questions are sometimes mixed up with Spiritualism, and are liable, when this is the case, to create a prejudice against it in the popular mind, which prevents it from being considered on its own merits, we think it better to refer to the matter here. Spiritualism, then, is the science (if we may venture to use the term) which, assuming the possibility of communication between those living in this world and those who have left it, and passed into another state of existence, attempts to investigate the laws and methods of this intercourse. It must be clearly understood that Spiritualists maintain that all extraordinary things which they assert to be facts, occur under natural laws, just as fixed and immutable as those of external nature. The great majority would probably repudiate altogether the very idea of a miracle, in the sense of any violation of the laws of nature. We shall not attempt, in this place to give any account of so-called “spirit-manifestations” as it would require far more space than that of an ordinary newspaper article, to discuss them in such a manner as to give a full and intelligible description of them. Spiritualists may be roughly divided into three parties; but it is difficult to estimate their numbers, for having no definite common creed, they generally remain associated with the Churches to which they formerly belonged, and reconcile their old and new views sufficiently to combine them, and hold both in unison. This is especially the case with the first party, the Christian Spiritualists, to which many of the most prominent English Spiritualists belong, such as Mr. and Mrs. Howitt, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Dr. Sexton, &c. These acknowledge the Bible as their rule of faith, and adhere to most of the leading doctrines of Protestant orthodoxy. The second party, the Progressive Spiritualists, are

Rationalists, holding that Christianity is but one of many revelations received from the invisible world, and that all teaching, religious or otherwise, must be brought to the test of individual opinion. This party predominates in America, and is also tolerably numerous in England. It is naturally among these that most of the extreme opinions, to which we have already referred as incidentally connected with Spiritualism, have their rise. The third party, the Spiritists, or Re-incarnationists, differ from the others in maintaining that spirits return at intervals to be re-embodied in the material world for purposes of improvement and expiation, until they have progressed sufficiently to render further material experiences unnecessary. The intermediate periods, longer or shorter, according to circumstances, are supposed to be passed in the spiritual world. This system was fully elaborated in the works of the late Allan Kardec, and is held by the great majority of the Spiritualists on the continent of Europe, but is repudiated by most English and American Spiritualists, although it has numerous adherents among them also. Of the four leading English Spiritualistic periodicals, two, the *Medium* (weekly) and *Human Nature* (monthly), are the organs of the Progressive Spiritualists; one, the *Spiritual Magazine* (monthly), the oldest existing English Spiritualistic periodical, is the organ of the Christian Spiritualists; while the fourth, the *Spiritualist* (weekly), is attached to no party, and deals rather with the scientific and phenomenal than with the theoretical departments of the subject. The Spiritists have no periodical in England. Professor Barrett expresses surprise that Spiritualists do not become Swedenborgians; but although their opinions agree in many respects with the teachings of Swedenborg, it will be seen from the brief account that we have given that there must needs be the widest possible divergence in theological opinions between the various schools of Spiritualists, and that there would be but little prospect of any considerable number of Spiritualists agreeing with Swedenborgians on matters which the latter would regard as of vital importance. In England Spiritualism has recently made considerable progress, and has numerous adherents, open or concealed, in almost every town in the country, while many towns possess flourishing local societies. As regards Dublin, Mr. J. Coates, of Liverpool, writes, in the *Spiritualist* of November 5, 1875:—"There are at present more than twenty clergymen in Dublin, to say nothing of certain scientific and philosophical professors in connection with the leading scholastic establishments of Ireland, who are not only willing but anxious to investigate Spiritualism." There are, however, no public *séances* held here at present. In Belfast, we believe, Spiritualism to be at least as strong as in Dublin. In France, as also in America, Spiritualism has latterly been under a cloud. Our readers will remember the recent prosecution of Buguet, Leymarie, and Firman in Paris for conspiring to defraud the public by the production of sham spirit-photographs. Buguet confessed his own guilt, and accused the other two of being his accomplices; and all three were convicted, although there was very little evidence against the two others except that of Buguet. Buguet has lately escaped to Brussels, and now asserts that, though some of his photographs were manufactured, the great majority were genuine, and that he was induced to plead guilty on a promise of pardon. He fully exonerates the other parties from blame, and we are glad to add that Mr. Firman, a young American, who has acted as honourably throughout the whole affair as Buguet has acted basely, has been set at liberty. Leymarie, however, who has succeeded Allan Kardec as the leader of French Spiritualism, has not yet, so far as we know, been released. It is thought by the Paris Spiritualists that the prosecution was really levelled at Leymarie, as an attempt to put down Spiritualism in France, and that the others were merely involved incidentally. In America, the exposure of some mediums named Holmes, who had succeeded in deceiving some of the most experienced American Spiritualists, had a disastrous effect upon the cause for a time, especially when it was reported soon afterwards, that Mr. Robert Dale Owen, one of the best known of all the American Spiritualists, had become insane. His insanity proves, however, to have been only temporary, and he has now returned from the asylum to which he had been committed by his friends, perfectly cured. He is an old man, and it is stated that his temporary aberration of mind was caused by too close application to the composition of a theological work which he was writing.



There can be no question that the influence of Spiritualism in producing insanity has been enormously exaggerated, and we believe that authenticated cases are excessively rare. It is worth mentioning that the Holmeses were detected in imposture in London, and the Americans had been warned against them. Spiritualists are now beginning to study matters connected with their subject historically; and Colonel Olcott, an American gentleman, who is well acquainted with both ancient and modern Spiritualism, writes that a society has just been founded in New York for the study of the occult sciences of the middle ages, and that he is convinced that many of the so-called "physical manifestations" are produced by "elementary spirits without immortal souls, but more subject to the will of man than departed human spirits." This announcement throws open at once the whole range of so-called "Fairy Mythology." The colonel will find it no easy matter to disentangle the mixture of fact and fancy which he supposes to exist in the old fairy tales. *Aprpos* of this, however, Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, favourably known as a lecturer on Spiritualism in England as well as America, positively asserts that she has actually *seen* gnomes in the remote mining districts of both Derbyshire and Germany. Before leaving America, we may mention that the number of Spiritualists in America has been very much exaggerated, and is believed by English Spiritualists, who have had opportunities of judging, not to exceed a million. Spiritualism has probably at least as many adherents in France as in England, if not more, and is extensively diffused throughout Italy, Austria, Spain, Sweden, Holland, and among the higher classes in Russia. In St. Petersburg great efforts are now being made to bring it under the scientific investigation of the leading professors. In Germany, the stronghold of Rationalism and scientific Materialism, there are at present comparatively few Spiritualists, as, indeed, we might reasonably expect would be the case. In the British Colonies Spiritualism has more or less numerous adherents—in India, Australia, New Zealand, the Cape, &c. In fact, its world-wide diffusion is no less remarkable than the undeniable impression which it has been able to make on the minds of a generation which was universally supposed to have out-grown all that kind of thing.

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#### FUNERAL REFORM.

The *Derby Mercury* says that "funeral reform" was commenced at Burton-on-Trent a week or two since by Mr. Wardle, under whose auspices an interment was conducted on the principles advocated by Mr. Seymour Haden. A correspondent who was present at the scene says:—"The funeral was characterised by the extremest simplicity, there being no hearse, mourning coach, pall, hat bands, scarves, or any of the usual outward display. One of the wicker grave baskets of Mr. Kirby, of Derby, was used on the occasion. This had been decorated with ferns, evergreens, flowers, &c., by members of the deceased lady's family, and its appearance as it was lowered into the grave was most graceful. In the morning the body was taken to the cemetery by two of the servants on an ordinary hand hearse, and placed in the chapel. At twelve o'clock the mourners and friends arrived in their own carriages, and the first part of the solemn service of the Church of England was read. At the close, four of the servants carried the corpse to the grave, followed, of course, by the mourners. Here the service was concluded, the spectators all joining with subdued voices in the Lord's Prayer."

## WHERE ARE THE REFORMERS?

The following excellent letter from the able pen of Dr. Brittan appeared in a recent number of the *Spiritual Scientist*, and although certain portions of it refer more particularly to American Spiritualism, yet there is much that is applicable to the state of things existing in our own country. We therefore copy it entire, with a few corrections which Dr. Brittan has himself made for the *Spiritual Magazine*:—

My dear Sir,—The fact can scarcely have escaped your observation that Spiritualists and Reformers are constantly complaining of the popular immoralities and gigantic evils which everywhere disfigure the Church and State. Society is so far below our exalted ideal of what it should be, that the sources of social inharmony, religious intolerance and political discord become prolific causes of individual unhappiness and national degeneracy. That these evils result in a great measure, from perverted passions, from improper habits of thought and action, occasioned by the sad defects in our early educational discipline, must be apparent to every intelligent and candid observer.

Omitting for the present all mention of the inherited evils among men, there can be no doubt that *the great demand of the age is an improved and enlarged system of education adapted to the necessities of the individual; fitted to unfold the latent faculties of the mind, and to mould the human character into the grandest proportions.* This work can never be done by unlimited *fault-finding*, in which we have so long and so freely indulged. To defame the unhappy victims of these evils, while we do nothing to relieve them, is in no proper sense a work of philanthropy. The man or the woman who grumbles but does nothing, and is content to snarl at whatever violates the common sense of propriety, does not deserve the title of Reformer.

Now, if the popular standard of intelligence is low, let us lift it up; if the channels of public information and political influence are corrupted, let them be purified; if the white flag of our own beautiful faith is being trailed in the filthy highways and byways of abandoned life, let us wrest it from unworthy hands, shake off the elements of common earth, wash away the foul stains, and give its silken folds to the winds that fan the moral summits of the world.

To suppress the existing evils we must lay the "axe at the root of the tree." To accomplish a great and much needed reform, we must build broad and deep the foundation in the early development of the mind and character. In other words, we must introduce a better system of education and found institutions worthy the grand epoch in which we live. To-day it is our privilege to aid in this great work; but we may assume nothing of the morrow. To a large class of the older Spiritualists of this country, the opportunity may be speedily withdrawn. The years come and go in rapid succession, and along their declining paths are autumn leaves and the frosts of many winters. Many to-day stand on the very confines of the other life; the lethean waters lave the sands at their feet; and yet they are holding on to their perishable treasures by all the force of the ruling passion. What will be thought hereafter of the Spiritualists who die with from one hundred thousand to five millions in their possession? We have some such disciples, who do nothing to enlighten mankind and hasten the coming of a better day. They complacently witness the struggle of a great truth against the organized power of the world, and what are they doing to secure its triumph? Nothing! On the contrary, they strengthen the hands of those who stone the prophets and martyrs of their time. They leave true men and women to toil alone in the rugged ways of poverty. They not only hold the garments of those who hound the truth from among men, but they feed and clothe them, and pay the minstrels who hymn their praises,—and all because it is popular to do so in a society that is false to the great interests of Humanity. The gold of such men already corrodes their souls; the rust of selfishness, and of heartless indifference to the common welfare, is upon them, and thieves break through and steal the diviner loves from the human heart. If the names of

such men are not blotted out of the world's memory, it will be only because the victims of their cold indifference and neglect live to drag inherited chains of mental slavery over their dishonored graves.

A quarter of a century in the history of Modern Spiritualism is finished—a period full of the evidences of the world's progress. The earnest labourers in this poorly cultivated field have been few; but many people have been talked to death in the abused name of a great cause. So much has been said, and so little done, that they have grown cold and lost faith in the accomplishment of any great and worthy object. We claim to number millions; but if, as a people, we should be blotted out of existence to-morrow, what single monument should we leave to tell to future generations that we lived in the Nineteenth Century and were favoured with unequalled opportunities? There would only remain behind us the record of our indolence, and a mass of literature, that above all things needs a thorough sifting; a large portion of which, it must be admitted, would most contribute to illuminate the world by the speedy process of combustion.

And now shall we spend another quarter of a century in a search for fresh miracles; in hollow professions, and empty protests against the evils we lift not a finger to remove? The time that is to test our sincerity is *here*, and the occasion presents itself in a form that challenges public attention. The Belvidere Seminary—so long and so well conducted as a private enterprise waits to be liberally endowed—and how long shall it wait? We require additional buildings at once; we want all the means and facilities necessary to a thorough course of instruction in all the ordinary departments of human inquiry; and, especially, we want professorships of all the new sciences that are tabooed by all American Colleges and Universities. This is a work that appeals with peculiar force to the Spiritual Press of the country, and it is naturally expected that some time and space will be given to the presentation of its claims, and the earnest advocacy of so important an enterprise. To Spiritualists, and to all true men who have abundant means at their command—all who hate darkness and slavery; who love right and esteem rational liberty, this cause makes its earnest appeal. And shall it be made in vain, to ears that are dull of hearing, and hearts that are cold and irresponsible as the sepulchres of the dead?

Not long since a distinguished Spiritualist died in this country, leaving an estate valued at \$400,000, or more, to a single individual, who will doubtless die without issue and leave it all to the Catholic Church. Nearly half a million to augment the power that sits like an incubus on the souls of men, and *not one dollar* to vindicate the right by breaking the shackles of the human mind! The dissatisfied spirit of that man but recently came to me to apologize, and to express his regret, that he did not, while on earth, use a part of his abundant means to establish a certain high-toned Spiritual journal which was suspended for want of adequate support. Let no surviving Spiritualist follow such an example to a final inheritance of conscious disloyalty to truth, and vain regrets that—after a long struggle for wealth and fame—the grandest opportunity of a lifetime was sacrificed at last.

In the interest of practical Reform,

Newark, Oct. 1, 1875.

Yours truly,

S. B. BRITTAN.

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#### “SWINDLING SPIRIT-RAPPERS.”

The following letter recently appeared in the *Hour*, under the above heading, from the pen of the Rev. F. R. Young, of Swindon:—

*To the Editor of the “Hour.”*

Sir,—In an article entitled “Outside the Show,” in your issue of this day, 10th inst., you use the term, “Swindling Spirit-rappers.” Now, the direct, incisive, and fearless mode with which you treat the swindling immoralities of public companies is so altogether unique and refreshing, that I am hopeful you

will do justice to persons whom I would fain believe you have unconsciously misrepresented by a term which, however true when applied to special instances, is untrue and unjust when used as a general description.

I have been intimately and publicly associated with the movement called Spiritualism for the past seven or eight years, and am quite willing to admit, from personal knowledge, that there are swindlers connected with it. Certain portions of the public, always in search of the unusual and the sensational, have turned their attention to spiritualistic phenomena, or that which purports to have a supernatural origin, and so determined are they that these phenomena shall be forthcoming, that they greedily swallow almost everything which is presented to them, but which, to the eyes of more careful and hesitating observers, are simply unreal and often simulated by the mediums, many of whom live by their mediumship, and supply what excessive credulity demands. At the same time it is due to my own personal knowledge and convictions to state that the phenomena of Spiritualism are, many of them, true; that is to say, they can be explained by no theory which covers the whole of the facts other than the spiritualistic one. The believers in Spiritualism are not confined to the ignorant, the dishonest and the credulous, but are to be found by thousands and tens of thousands among the intelligent, the educated, and the conscientious, and those who are quite as capable of testing evidence, and judging it, as you yourself would wish them to be. No doubt many a table has tipped, many a message has been written, many an impression has been made, many a communication has been received, which have not owed their existence to the agency of disembodied spirits. I should be quite willing, if it were necessary, to give a discount of 90 per cent. off all accounts of so-called spiritualistic phenomena, because the remaining 10 per cent. would be quite sufficient for my purpose as evidence. That evidence is derived partly from testimony, and partly from probability; and not until the opponents of Spiritualism are prepared to show that our doctrine is, in itself and in the abstract, positively incredible, or, without going to that length, that the evidence hitherto adduced is practically worthless, are they entitled to sneer at it, pass it by with supreme indifference, or still less, make a sweeping and reckless charge against what are called "spirit-rappers." If it be said that modern science has pronounced against Spiritualism, I reply this only proves that Spiritualists have the task before them of reconciling their faith with the known laws of this universe; but it does not prove that Spiritualists are therefore and necessarily in the wrong, for modern science is, at its best, only a statement of what men know, or suppose they know, about the order of God; and scientific men are no more infallible than their fellows, although, undoubtedly, their carefully considered and expressed objections are entitled to our notice, and should command from us fitting replies.

The tone of your journal is so healthy, and is gradually commanding so much respect and confidence from its readers, that I trust to your sense of fairness to insert this letter as a respectful protest against your use of a term which is an injurious exaggeration, and confounds the innocent with the guilty.

Yours respectfully,

FREDERICK ROWLAND YOUNG.

Rose Cottage, Swindon, December 10.

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#### THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.

The *Leicester Chronicle* of November 20th, has the following notice of the November issue of the *Spiritual Magazine*:—

In the first article of this remarkable periodical, Dr. Sexton follows up the subject of "The Doctrine of Immortality as taught in the Old Testament," with his usual logical ability, and his observations on this head may be read by non-Spiritualists and Spiritualists alike with profit and satisfaction. In the paper on "Spiritual Experience" some most marvellous statements, which will scarcely meet with acceptance, are mixed up with others which may be freely admitted

by any reflecting person. The narrative is full of interest, and more noticeable on various accounts than most of those which have come under our notice. A paper on "Anthropological Science" by the Rev. L. A. Alford, D.D., is also a valuable contribution. Dr. Sexton's "Occasional Leaves from My Note Book" have a painful interest, and should stimulate his friends to some understanding among themselves to render a repetition of some of his notes unnecessary in future. Dr. Sexton is on more grounds than one a man whose public services should be substantially recognized by those who sympathize with his views and movements.

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#### A GHOST IN A MINING SHAFT.

We published not long ago an account of the Guerneville Ghost. We have the following authentic particulars :—The scene of the appearance was at the Cræsus Mine, on Austin Creek, about three miles from Guerneville. The men who work in the mine had just gone to bed when there was a noise at the door, then some ghostly music. They next heard in the shaft the sound of sharpening tools, the noise of the bellows briskly working to pump air in the shaft and the sharp clinking of the pulley on the whim used for raising and lowering the buckets in the shaft. This noise was kept up as if there was a whole force of ghosts busily employed from ten at night until three o'clock in the morning. The mouth of the shaft could be seen from the cabin, but though the noise was distinct, no forms were seen to move about the shaft. The work was kept up for three nights in succession; then there was an interval of comparative quiet for three weeks. A day or too ago Abe Steratt was at work alone in the shaft; the other men were above ground. Steratt was preparing to put in a shot when he heard a noise close to him. He looked up, and there stood a man, clad as a miner, beside him, in a space which an instant before had been vacant. Steratt asked, "What do you want?" No reply. He punched at the figure with a drill; it went through the airy semblance of humanity. Terror-struck Steratt exclaimed, "If you are going to work here I want to get out." He whistled to his companions above to come down, and then said, "or if you want me to work here you must get out." Whereupon the figure seemed to vanish upwards from sight, and has not since been seen. Noises as above described have been heard, but the spectre miner has not since been seen.—"*Santa Rosa Democrat*," Oct. 6th.

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#### THEY SAY.

Well, what if they do? It may not be true. A great many false reports are circulated, and the reputation of a good man may be sadly sullied by a baseless rumour. Have you reason to believe that what they say concerning your brother is true? If not, why should you permit your name to be included among "they" who circulate the scandal?

*They say*——. Who says? Is any person responsible for the assertion? Such phrases are frequently used to conceal the point of a enemy's poignard who thus meanly strikes one whom he dares not openly assail. Are you helping the cowardly attack? If "they" means nobody, then regard the same as nothing.

*They say*——. Why do they say so? Is any good purpose secured by the circulation of the report? Will it benefit the individual to have it known; or will any interests of society be

promoted by whispering it about? If not, you had better apply time and speech to some more worthy purpose.

*They say*——. To whom do they say it? To those who have no business in the affair? To those who cannot hold it or mend it, or prevent any unpleasant results? That shows a tattling, scandal-loving spirit that ought to be rebuked.

*They say*——. Well, do they say it to him? Or are they very careful to whisper it in places he cannot hear, and to persons who are known not to be his friends? Would they dare to say it to him, as well as about him? No one has a right to say that concerning another which he is not ready to speak in his own ear.

*They say*——. Well, suppose it is true? Are you not sorry for it; or do you rejoice that a brother has been discovered erring? Oh, pity him that he has fallen into sin, and pray for him that he may be forgiven and restored.

If it should be true, don't put it abroad to his injury. It will not benefit you or him, nor society, to publish his faults. You are as liable to be slandered, or to err, as your brother; as ye would that he should defend or excuse, or forgive you, do ye even so to him.

#### A PRESENTIMENT.

The late Mr. Greville, in his *Memoirs* observed, "It is a very odd thing, but I had for days before a strong presentiment that some terrible accident would occur at this ceremony, and I told Lady Cowper so, and several other people." This presentiment was with reference to the public opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, in the year 1830, when Mr. Huskisson, M.P., was killed, by accidentally falling when crossing the rails during the journey. The present Sir Robert Peel, Bart., is stated to have had a similar presentiment of impending danger, in the year 1854, with reference to the accident which occurred to the steamer in which he was a passenger from Marseilles to Italy.

### HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

#### EPIPHANY.

O Star of Bethlehem—star of Hope,  
For which the nations waited long;  
The herald of the day foretold  
By prophet-bard in glowing song!  
The golden day—the better time,  
When Christ-Messiah—Prince of  
Peace,  
Shall rule with mild benignant sway,  
And war throughout the world shall  
cease.  
When those who sow shall reap the  
fruit;  
And every one beneath the shade  
Of his own roof shall rest secure;  
And no man be of man afraid.

But everyone shall know the Lord,  
And in each man a brother see:  
Each human face the mercy-seat,  
A clear Divine Epiphany.  
And Wisdom shall her offerings bring  
Of gold, and frankincense, and  
myrrh;  
And O, thou gracious guiding star,  
May we, like old astrologer,  
Still follow in thy radiant light,  
Though to the manger and the  
cross!  
For higher life is born of death,  
And heavenly gain of earthly loss.

T. S.

## Correspondence.

### WATER PICTURES.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

DEAR SIR,—Some months ago I received from a gentleman in the United States, three photographs of spirit-pictures, produced by a very curious form of mediumship; and as I think the account will be interesting to all Spiritualists, I will give the extract from his letter:—

"Mrs. L. Blanchard (of New Ulm, Minnesota), the medium for the peculiar phase of the production of faces and likenesses in the ordinary sediment of water, died, as I perhaps told you in my last, in January. I saw her two weeks before she passed away, and was much struck with her goodness and gentleness. She made the discovery by accident, or the gift came to her suddenly; for after washing her hands in a bowl of rain water the sediment, to her great astonishment, settled into the perfect semblance of a face, startling her and her husband by its naturalness. From that time, until within a few weeks of her death, the faces continued to form, and by drying out the water by the natural process of evaporation, the sediment remained fastened to the bottom of the dish, and the face or faces (for there were sometimes hundreds in the bowl) could be photographed, although on account of the water being gone, the best appearance was lost. Some were artistic, and so life-like when the water was on them that you could not help starting back in surprise. Unfortunately, as, too often happens, the gift fell into surroundings where the importance of the same was not at all appreciated, and hundreds of the bowls were destroyed after the first novelty had worn off, thus only a few, and those the poorest, were left that I could obtain to photograph. Three were standing in her room the day I saw her, which were beautiful indeed, and she told me I might have them when the water had dried out, for they could not be carried or moved before, as, while the water was on them, the slightest jar would cause the sediment to float about the dish and destroy the image. She was then quite sick, and expressed a desire to die. From her childhood she had been a cripple—never perfectly well, and she was I think to be excused if life seemed to her a burden at times. I did not think she was then on her death-bed, and was consequently much shocked to hear of her decease not long after my visit. To produce the pictures, her method was simply to agitate the water with her finger tips for a moment, and immediately the deposit assumed the forms, faces, &c.; and on being again stirred about by her would assume other and different faces. Her death was a severe loss. I telegraphed up to her husband when I heard of it for the promised bowls, but to my great regret, he answered that during her illness they had had to be moved and were thus destroyed: this lady was also a spirit-artist, and under influence drew beautiful and correct likenesses of many departed ones.—Please accept the enclosed with my compliments."

The three pictures he sent me differ much from one another: the first is a female head fully an inch and a quarter in length, with the features very distinctly formed. The second is a man's face (about four-fifths of an inch,) and the head seems to be crowned with flowers, but upon examination, they prove to be formed of smaller faces, while one child-like face rests against his cheek. The third picture consists of a cluster of small faces, which remind me of Miss Pery's very interesting spirit-drawings, and although they have not the exquisite delicacy of her pencil work, they have much force and character. As several of my friends are desirous of possessing copies of these spiritual curiosities I have had them reproduced by a skilful photographer, and shall be happy to forward the set of three for half a crown's worth of stamps to any of your readers who may wish for them.

My first thought when I received them was that I should like to obtain the same class of mediumship, but, although in my power, it was deemed inexpedient by my invisible counsellors, who however agreed to my having an ex-

perimental *séance* during a few days' visit that I was about to make to Mr. Bennett of Betchworth. He accordingly found enough sediment in the various jugs of rain water to make a fair amount of deposit in a large washhand basin, round which we stood—a circle of seven—with our finger tips resting on the edge. I was then impressed to stir the water briskly with my fingers, and we watched it gradually settle down, until it certainly assumed the appearance of some small faces, but only one was really clear, and that (which was the likeness of my brother Warrant) was on the slope of the basin just in front of me. In consequence of the position it could only be distinctly seen by myself, but judge of our surprise when we felt the basin being gently moved round under our fingers thus to exhibit the picture to each person in succession.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

20, Delamere Crescent, W.

### PRESCIENCE.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—“Before we as a family came here, we had at the end of the garden of our house a henery; but for some time, we never could get any eggs. We could not understand it. One evening my husband said, ‘It is vexing about the eggs; I would give a good deal to find out how it is.’ We went to bed, and in the night I woke my husband, and said, ‘If you get up at six o'clock and look through the window blinds, you will see our servant come out, go down the garden, pick up sticks, turn round, look up to our window, unlock the henery, go in and bring out two eggs in her left hand, lock the door, and come into the house.’ My husband, who was standing by said, ‘Yes,’ and got up at six o'clock, and sure enough saw all the incidents exactly as I had informed him.”

The husband of the lady, is a well known ship-broker in the city. Several other incidents were narrated to me; possibly, as *facts* are my favourite weapons against Materialists, I may give them. In the meantime, taking the foregoing fact as a basis. How did the lady know the future?

J. ENMORE JONES.

Enmore Park, S.E.

### AID FOR MRS. JACKSON.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

DEAR SIR,—J. W. Jackson, a man of profound genius and vast intellectual attainments, passed away some four years ago, his end accelerated by want of proper nourishment. His wife and children are now in the deepest distress. Unfortunately for them, we can only appeal to the most advanced and highly cultured people on their behalf, for only such can appreciate his writings. Cannot sufficient money be raised to purchase an annuity for his loved ones?

Subscriptions to be sent to Miss Kislingbury, 38, Great Russell Street, W.C.

All who wish to know his capabilities should read his work on *Man* (price 5s.) finished on his death-bed.

I am, faithfully yours,

FRANK EVERITT.

London, December 15th, 1875.